McKean County Miner.

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HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLII. | SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, AUG. 3, 1905. | NO. 31

THE CHAMPS BREAK EVEN.

Win From Mt. Jewett Friday and Lose to Eldred on Tuesday.

BOTH WERE POOR EXHIBITIONS.

The Champions Just Missed Being Shut Out by Angels—Score 7 to 1—Games are Featureless.

McKEAN LEAGUE STANDING.

	W.	L.	P. C.
Derrick City	7	2	.777
Smethport	6	4	.600
Eldred	5	4	.500
Mt. Jewett	2	8	.181

ELDRED 7, SMETHPORT 1.

The Champions came very near being shut out by the Angels at Kane Field Tuesday afternoon in a loosely played game on the part of Smethport and a perfectly played game on the part of the visitors. The Eldred team came strolling onto the grounds fully a half hour late, headed by Twirler Fred McFall, like a lot of school boys fully expecting their usual rebuking and it was not until they had seven runs to the good that they had any idea of making history by winning a game from Smethport.

Eldred was first at bat and three hits, a couple of stolen bases and a passed ball gave them two runs. Denning started off with a hit for Smethport but the next three up were retired.

In the second inning a hit, a passed ball and another hit gave Eldred another score. With one out C. Brown made a single, stole second went to third on a wild pitch and attempted to score on Young's bunt to pitcher, but was caught at the plate. As Slack passed him he attempted to go under the catcher feet first. When he fell his back struck on the plate and he slid, striking the back of his head on the corner of the plate with sufficient force to render him unconscious, and in the mixup he spiked Slack quite badly on the top of the foot. It took several minutes to revive Brown, but as there was no other player on the grounds he stayed in the game, although he was not fit to play and therefore his poor playing in the field can be laid to this accident.

Neither side scored after this until Eldred's half of the seventh inning when a comedy of errors coupled with a hit and a base on balls netted Eldred four more runs. This ended the run getting for Eldred.

Smethport got its one run in the ninth. McCabe singled, stole second, advanced to third on Estry's out and came home on C. Brown's single.

The tabulated score follows:

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Denning, p	4	0	3	1	5	1
Knapp, 2b	4	0	0	8	0	2
McCabe, ss	3	1	1	3	1	1
Estry, 2b	4	0	0	0	1	2
Bell, 1b	4	0	0	8	0	1
C. Brown, lf	4	0	3	1	0	1
Young, c	4	0	2	11	0	0
J. Brown, cf	4	0	0	0	0	0
E. Denning, rf	3	0	0	1	1	0
Totals	34	1	9	27	10	9

Eldred	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Slack, c	6	1	3	8	0	0
Armstrong, rf	6	1	2	0	1	0
Easey, 3b	6	2	0	2	1	0
W. Llewelyn, ss	5	1	2	1	1	0
Guiguet, 2b	5	0	0	1	5	0
Traynor, cf	4	1	1	0	0	0
Bernard, 1b	5	1	0	13	0	0
R. McFall, lf	5	0	0	0	0	0
F. McFall, p	5	1	1	2	5	0
Totals	46	7	8	27	13	0

Score by inning:

Smethport	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1
Eldred	2	1	0	0	0	4	0	0	7—7

Earned runs—Smethport 1.
Base on balls—off Denning 3.
Struck out—by Denning 10; McFall 7.
Wild pitch—McFall.
Passed balls—Young 2.
Time of game—1:45.
Umpire—Cleessant.

SMETHPORT 11, MT. JEWETT 8.

One of the hardest victories that Smethport has won on the diamond this season was the afternoon game at Mt. Jewett last Friday, which resulted in the above score. The Mt. Jewett team was not unusually strong but there was a power behind Pitcher W. Davis of Kane which kept the county seat boys guessing all the time and victory was only certain when the last mountaineer was out in the ninth inning.

Smethport was first at bat and Denning started off with a two bagger but was caught at third on a fielder's choice and the side was retired without a run. "Chick" Andrews occupied the slab for Smethport and only three men faced him, although Davie Davis got hit and stole second, he being caught between third and home.

In the second after one man was out Estry hit it out for two bags, advanced to third on a bunt which Brown beat out, but was put out in coming in on a passed ball, although the ground rules allowed one base, and the side was retired without scoring. Magee opened with a hit and advanced to third on an error and scored on another, after which the side was retired in order.

After one was out Denning got a life in the third on an error, which followed by singles by Daniels, McCabe, King and Knapp and two errors netted four runs. For Mt. Jewett W. Davis opened with a single but the next three were retired in order.

McCabe lined out a two bagger in the fourth after two were out and scored on two errors. A combination of errors gave Mt. Jewett one run in this inning.

Andrews scored in the fifth after two were out on a two bagger, an error and a passed ball. Denning then followed with another two bagger, but was caught trying to stretch it into a three bagger. Mt. Jewett failed to score in this inning.

Daniels opened the sixth with a two bagger, McCabe went out on a fly to right field, King got hit, Knapp beat out a bunt and was caught (?) stealing second, and Estry's clean single scored Daniels and King, and Brown's ground-er to pitcher retired the side. Three Mt. Jewetters faced Andrews.

In the seventh with one out Andrews swiped the sphere for two bags. Denning drew a pass and both scored on Daniels' three bagger. McCabe hit a grounder to third and was thrown out and Daniels was doubled at the plate, although Catcher Cleveland agreed with the crowd that it was doubtful about his touching the man. In Mt. Jewett's half McCarty got a life on an error, W. Davis, after getting three strikes, lined out a single, Cleveland took first on an error, D. Davis hit for two bases, Gardiner flied out, Magee singled and Benson went out on a grounder to Knapp and Young cut Magee off at the plate by six feet. In this play, however, Magee seemed to think that he would be safe if he managed to reach the plate, no matter how many times he was touched and Daniels seemed to share the same belief and held him off until all were satisfied.

In the eighth with two out Estry got a life on an error and a hit and another error scored him. Nelson, started with a hit; Werkheiser went out on a hit, McCarty fanned (four times). W. Davis singled, Cleveland brought in two runs with a two bagger and Denning's pretty one handed catch of Davis' long fly retired the side.

At this time McCarty had to leave and Jimmy Rook took his place and neither side scored in the ninth.

The score follows:

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Denning, cf	5	2	2	4	0	0
Daniels, c	6	2	3	10	1	1
McCabe, 2b	5	2	2	2	3	1
King, ss	4	2	1	0	2	1
Knapp, 2b	5	0	1	2	1	1
Estry, lf	5	0	2	1	0	1
Brown, rf	5	0	2	0	0	0
Young, lf	5	0	0	2	1	3
Andrews, p	5	2	2	0	3	0
Totals	45	11	16	20	11	8

The scorer loaned the score book to some of the Mt. Jewett players and when it came back the manner in which Cleveland was put out in the third inning was erased, and a hit inserted, leaving but two put outs for that inning. If our memory serves us rightly he struck out.

Mt. Jewett	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
H. Cleveland, c	5	1	1	8	2	0
Davis, 3d	4	1	1	1	3	3
Gardiner, cf	3	0	0	0	1	0
Magee, rf	5	2	2	2	0	0
Benson, 1st	5	0	1	7	1	0
Nelson, 2b	5	1	2	2	3	0
Werkheiser, lf	3	0	0	0	0	1
McCarty, ss	4	1	0	2	1	1
W. Davis, p	4	2	3	0	8	0
Totals	40	8	8	27	12	5

Score by innings:

Smethport	0	0	4	1	1	2	2	1	0—11
Mt. Jewett	0	1	0	1	0	0	4	2	0—8

Earned runs—Smethport 4; Mt. Jewett 2.
Three base hits—Daniels.
Two base hits—Denning 2, Daniels, McCabe, E. Andrews, Cleveland, Davis.
Struck out—by Andrews 9; by Davis 8.
Base on balls—off Andrews 2; off Davis 6.
Double plays—Davis to Benson to Cleveland.
Knapp to Young to Daniels.
Left on bases—Mt. Jewett 8; Smethport 6.
Passed balls—Cleveland 1; Daniels 4.
Hit by pitcher—D. Davis; King.
Time of game—1:55.
Umpires—McCarty and Rook.

THE TWILIGHT GAME.

Mt. Jewett and Smethport were also scheduled for a twilight game at 6:15 but the Mt. Jewett team was slow about getting on the field and it was about 6:45 when the game started. Mt. Jewett was first at bat and made two runs on four hits, in the second inning they made three runs on four consecutive hits and in the fourth they got two runs on a base on balls and a fly into center field which was lost in the grass. Smethport failed to score in the game, getting only three men on bases in the four innings.

After the second inning it was so dark that a fast ball could not be seen except with the sky for a background and both catchers would jump out of the way and let low balls go to the backstop. At the end of the fourth inning Smethport players entered a protest against playing any longer and the crowd rushed onto the diamond. Considerable argument, principally between Mt. Jewett spectators, followed and finally the umpire gave the game to Mt. Jewett by a score of 9 to 0, for Smethport's refusing to continue playing. The umpire seemed to forget that it was his business to first clear the diamond of outsiders before demanding Smethport to continue playing.

Details Were Lacking.

Jerry Mack, who gave his place of residence as Smethport, applied to the police last night for assistance, suffering with bruises about the face and a severe cut on the head. He was unable to tell how or when he received the injuries, which were probably sustained in a brawl. Four stitches were required to close the wound on the head.—Bradford Era.

We have several good second hand spring wagons and open buggies for sale cheap. All in good condition.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Be humane and buy a fly net for your horse. Charles Lemmler has a full line.

P., S. & N. R. R. in Receiver's Hands.

A Buffalo dispatch of August 1, says: "The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railroad Company was placed in the hands of a receiver to-day by Justice Kenefick. The company was defaulted in the payment of interest on $15,000,000 bonds. Frank Sullivan Smith of Angelica was appointed receiver, and the bond was fixed at $100,000.

"The application for a receiver was made by Arthur H. Van Brunt, representing the Central Trust Co. of New York, as trustee of the bondholder. There was no opposition to the appointment of a receiver.

"Officials of the Shawmut say the receivership is part of a plan for the reorganization of the property. They say plans have been prepared to build the road into Buffalo and Pittsburg. President Smith says work on the Pittsburg branch is under way and that the Buffalo branch will come via Olean.

"Mr. Smith says $70,000,000 will be spent. The receivership was taken with the consent of the majority of the stockholders, he says.

"Quite a large block of these bonds are held by Smethport people and much interest is manifest as to what effect this will have on the value of the bonds and the future of the railroad.

A Business Change.

Last week A. J. Warshofsky sold his wholesale liquor business on the corner of Main and Franklin streets to J. A. Holder, and the latter gentleman will take possession as soon as the necessary transfer of license is made by the court. Mr. Warshofsky has been a respected and honorable resident of this borough for about twenty-three years and during that period he has been interested in a number of business ventures, all of which have been successful, and by his honesty and integrity he has gained the confidence of the entire community. It is understood that Mr. Warshofsky contemplates entering into business in Rochester, N. Y., and with his family will move to that city where their many friends hope success will follow them. Mr. Holder, the new proprietor, is too well known to need this introduction and it is safe to predict that he will run the business successfully.

Death of Mrs. Dunbar.

Mrs. Flora Jane Dunbar, wife of Timothy Dunbar of Crosby, died at the Buffalo general hospital on Sunday, aged 42 years, the cause of her death being peritonitis.

Mrs. Flora Jane Gallup was born in Norwich township in 1863 and was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler Gallup, both of whom are now dead. When about 16 years of age she was united in marriage to Timothy Dunbar. Six children were the fruits of this union, five of whom are left with their father to mourn the loss of a kind and devoted wife and mother. The surviving children are Volney, Roy and Misses Millie, Lily and Frances.

Her remains were brought from Buffalo to the family home on Monday and the funeral services were held Tuesday. Interment was made in the Colegrove cemetery.

The Firemen's Tournament.

The final preparations for the entertainment of the visiting firemen have about all been made and everything is in readiness in Bradford for the Northwestern Firemen Association meet next week. The fun begins Tuesday, August 8, and continues until Friday, August 11, and there will be something doing all the time. Excellent railroad rates have been secured for the accommodation of Smethport visitors. Tickets can be had over the Kushequa Route and B. R. & P. Ry., good going August 8, 9 or 10, and good returning until August 14, at one fare for the round trip—75 cents. The Smethport Hose Company will leave next Wednesday morning on the 9:25 train over the Kushequa Route and those who so desire can return on a special in the evening at 10:30. It is expected a large crowd will accompany the hose boys.

A Narrow Escape.

A very serious wreck was narrowly averted on the Kushequa Route last Friday afternoon. A passenger train had started for Newton and had got up just this side of the "Y" when the engineer discovered a car coming down the track at a terrific rate of speed. The train was quickly stopped, the switch to the "Y" opened and the train just got in when the runaway car came whizzing by. The passengers were quite severely shaken up by the sudden stop when the car was discovered but no one was injured. Had the train been a little farther out nothing could have prevented a serious accident and perhaps some of the passengers and crew would have been killed. We have not learned how the car got away.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank our many friends who so kindly assisted us in the sickness and death of our dear wife and mother.

Timothy Dunbar and family.

Go to J. C. Hamlin for all kinds of **Fruit Cans, Jelly Glasses and Preserving Kettles.**

A Proposed Treaty With China.

The Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer of Tuesday publishes a text of the proposed new treaty on the immigration question, as set forth by the Chinese government.

The draft is under consideration by this government, being a substitution for the last treaty between the governments regarding the exclusion of Chinese labor from the United States.

On the date of signing the treaty, laborers of both countries shall be excluded from the other, laborers being miners, hawkers, washermen and fishers, also salt and dry fish for export or local trade. Americans or Chinese not laborers are not within the restriction. The treaty is not retroactive, provisions being made for laborers to return to their own country, certificates or tickets furnished.

Chinese laborers for countries other than America shall have the right to pass through the United States, subject to the regulations of the nation. American possessions being different from America proper. Chinese laborers may be admitted into the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines, as subjects of other eastern nations.

Chinese subjects other than laborers shall be admitted into and permitted to reside in this country, provided that certificates are furnished them.

All Chinese subjects who wish to enter America, having proper securities, shall not be detained or imprisoned.

When officials desire to inquire into the rights granted to Chinese subjects admitting them into America or rights of treaty, said subjects shall be allowed to secure for themselves representatives. The right to appeal from the ruling of officials is granted. When Chinese have no authority to enter officials have the power to grant entrance or passage through the country. Chinese in America shall be unmolested as long as they are law abiding, and none shall be arrested without a warrant.

Chinese, excepting laborers, permanent or transient, shall have the privilege of bringing families to the country, if they present proper certificates. Chinese cannot become citizens. United States and China have a right to register Americans and Chinese in their respective countries. Disagreements in interpretations of treaty are to be referred to The Hague or arbitrators elected with sanction of both countries. The treaty is to be effective 10 years. A year's notice is necessary to abrogate.

Soliciting for Caleb Powers.

Mrs. Brock of Kentucky was in town yesterday soliciting funds to carry on the defense of Caleb Powers, who has thrice been convicted for being implicated in the killing of Governor Goebel of Kentucky. Mrs. Brock was a teacher in her younger days and Powers was one of her pupils. She believes implicitly in his innocence and is making every effort to see that he gets justice and is cleared of this charge against him.

Mrs. Brock is an unusually bright woman and her description of the injustice being done to Mr. Powers quickly arouses the sympathy of her listeners and she gives a vivid description of the bitter feeling existing in Kentucky. Among other things she says that, owing to the part she has taken in behalf of Powers, she would not dare venture out of her home after dark for fear of being assassinated.

Head Still Alive.

Keron Hanlon, of the Blue Front cafe, is suffering from a peculiar accident. Mr. Hanlon is in the habit of receiving sea turtles which he keeps about alive until such time as he needs them and then dresses for use in the restaurant. A monstrous sea turtle arrived the fore part of the week, a fine specimen weighing about 100 pounds. It was dressed yesterday. The head, which was about as large as an ordinary dog's head, was at first cut off and laid to one side pending the dressing of the amphibium, which took half an hour or better. Then Mr. Hanlon started to remove the head when it grabbed his hand, crushing three fingers badly, but not resulting in permanent injury. The head was still looking for trouble when viewed by the writer three hours after it had been amputated from the body.—Port Allegany Reporter.

Was Not Afraid of Falling.

On Sunday at the Kinzua viaduct, a young man gave an exhibition of nerve that is seldom equalled. He was crossing the viaduct on foot, and when in the center of the structure he mounted the outer railing and walked upon it a considerable distance, just to show that he was not afraid. The slightest misstep would have sent him down to death 300 feet, but he kept his equilibrium and finished the stunt without losing his life. Instead of being applauded the fellow was commented on by the spectators as being inexcusably foolish.—Bradford E. a.

Lemmler's is the place to buy trunks, traveling bags and fly nets. Reliable goods at reasonable prices is his motto.

There is only one smeticinal whiskey sold in Smethport. Ask for O. F. C. at Hotel Imperial.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

(Continued from last week.)

There were heavy rains last evening and the morning opened gloomily with heavily lowering clouds shutting out the sunlight, befitting the sad and solemn scene that was to be enacted (Dec. 4, 1879). This forenoon Andy partook of holy communion, and spent the rapidly waning hours in close communion with his spiritual advisers.

The frequent prediction that there would be a great crowd of people in town does not seem to have been fully verified. The jurors and reporters had been notified to be at the jail at half past twelve.

At the appointed time the crowd commenced to gather about the jail. Those who had permits to enter were admitted by the rear kitchen door. All the other doors were closed. A large number were admitted, however, so that all available space in the corridor was filled. At precisely half past one o'clock p. m. the condemned man emerged from his cell accompanied by Father Dent and two other priests and the sheriff and his deputies.

His demeanor was firm and composed and there were no visible signs of tremor or trepidation. He wore over his ordinary dress a black silk gown. He repeatedly kissed the cross in his hand and took his place on the scaffold with a firm tread at 1:35. On the scaffold with him were, in addition to the three priests, none but sheriff and two deputies. After a few moments of prayer by the priests to which the prisoner responded, the sheriff said:

"Andy Tracy have you anything to say why the sentence of the law should not be passed upon you?" He answered, in a clear and distinct voice, "Nothing at all."

Then the sheriff put on the black cap and adjusted the noose. After a few moments spent in prayer, without any signal, the sheriff cut the rope and the condemned man fell like a shot and at once it was discovered that the knot had slipped out of the noose and he had fallen to the floor of the corridor. Another rope was obtained and ex-Sheriff [illegible] volunteered his services, readjusted the noose. In the meantime the unfortunate man was supported by O. C. Kinsley, one of the spectators. He was still conscious and made no remark except an occasional low moan.

He was unable to stand and while being supported by several persons the sheriff again cut the rope. The second attempt proved more successful and after hanging fourteen minutes, during which the burial service was read by Father Dent, the body was cut down and placed in an elegant casket which was stationed at the foot of the scaffold. The coffin, with the last remains of Andrew Tracy, was immediately carried down to the store of his sister, Mary Tracy. And thus ended the last sad scenes of the celebrated Tracy case.

Emerson.—Died at the residence of her father on Cole Creek, Wednesday morning, Sept. 11, 1878, Miss Charity Juliette Emerson, aged 18 years, 1 month and 6 days.

After suffering the most excruciating pain for weeks and months past death at last came to the relief of the subject of this notice, Mr. Philetus Gallup. About eight months ago he became aware of the fact he was the victim of a cancer. It was located on the upper lip, and although hardly noticeable at first and causing no inconvenience or trouble it slowly and surely advanced in its deadly course, until he upon whom it was so firmly fixed became thoroughly alarmed and sought for aid. A few months since he went to Buffalo and was treated by the most skillful physicians in that city, but to no purpose. He afterward went to other points to consult men who made a specialty of this disease, but his case seemed beyond the reach of human help and he returned to his home with the dread consciousness that his disease was incurable and that he must very soon succumb to the inevitable fate which awaited him. He arranged his earthy affairs and calmly welcomed death. He was perfectly reconciled to his fate, and seemed only anxious to be relieved of the suffering which he has so long and patiently endured. He died on Monday morning Sept. 20, 1878, and was buried in the Norwich cemetery on Wednesday forenoon. The funeral services were conducted at the house by Rev. Whiteside and the very large attendance on this occasion showed with what high regard he was held by his friends and neighbors. Mr. Gallup was born in Norwich township, Oct. 12, 1822, and married Laura Ann Colegrove, daughter of Jonathan Colegrove, deceased, Dec. 24, 1844. He leaves a wife and five children to mourn the death of a devoted husband and father.

After quite a lingering illness Mr. John Dutcher of Hamlin township finally departed this life on Tuesday, Oct. 1, 1878. Mr. Dutcher was somewhat advanced in years and we believe his death was caused by a cancer in his stomach.

John Hay's Services to Commerce.

Under Col. Hay the consular service reached a new level of efficiency and discipline. The lower grades are now being filled with young men of energy and quality, who intend to make the service their career. Promotions and transfers have become more and more the rule, and vacant places are no longer thrown to the politicians as petty patronage. With the enormous expansion of our export trade the role of the consul as a news gatherer has been greatly magnified. He must keep the producer here informed of changing conditions in foreign trade and industry, and must note every opportunity offered for enlarging our markets. This work the consul of to-day is doing vastly better than his predecessor did it ten years—or even five years—ago. One of Mr. Hay's last administrative acts was to recommend to Congress the creation of a special body of commercial agents, charged with the investigation of trade conditions abroad. These agents, assigned by Congress to the Department of Commerce and Labor, are to act independently of the consular service and are to report on the outlook for new markets in the special geographical divisions to which they are allotted. The experiment begins in a small way, but it may lead in the development of an up-to-date and efficient special foreign information bureau. This effort to broaden the usefulness of the consular service harmonizes exactly with the spirit of Mr. Hay's diplomacy. Our future triumphs, he wisely realized, are to be the triumphs of commerce and industry—his diplomatic policies aimed always at laying a broad basis for that commercial expansion for which, as a nation, we shall soon be ripe.—Wm. L. McPherson in Cent Per Cent for August.

Excitement at Sheffield.

A Sheffield special of July 27 says: This town was thrown into some excitement last evening by the report that Mrs. Andrew Thomas, a young woman of about 20 years of age, had been murdered. An investigation was made by Drs. J. R. Russell, of Sheffield, and Hamilton of Clarendon, assisted by Jerry Borden, J. P. After an examination, Coroner Pierce and District Attorney Taft were summoned this morning and after sifting the case they decided there had been no foul play and that Mrs. Thomas had died from uremic poisoning and died in a convulsion and that the marks on her throat had been made by herself during her death struggle.

Where is He?

More than a year ago the Leader was offered a small and attractively written advertisement by one F. Armington Peavy whose address was 1090 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y. As it was one of those "hurry up" announcements it was foolishly taken before the necessary payment for the service was advanced. And now "F. Armington" doesn't receive letters in Brooklyn, N. Y. Our bill is unpaid of course. As numerous exchanges have run the same ad, possibly some one of them can tell us where to find Mr. Peavy, or at least can say a good word in his behalf.—Kane Leader. The MINER has had the same experience with this person.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending July, 29, 1905:

Mrs. Chas. Betler, R. C. Cessna, Bessie Dibble, Wilhelm Olson, Jess. Robinson, Miss Mary Yahn.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Tours to Colorado and California.

On numerous dates, May to October, 1905, excursion rates are in effect to Colorado, California and the Pacific Northwest. By specifying "Rock Island" west of Chicago, you secure the most for your money in the way of sights to see and side trips to take. Stop off in Colorado, take in the Rocky Mountain resorts, visit the Yellowstone Park, then to Portland Exposition. Return via California. Full information from John Sebastian, Passenger Traffic Manager, Rock Island System, Chicago.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

Notice to Taxpayers.

During my absence the tax duplicate for Smethport borough will be in the hands of Charles Lemmler who is authorized to receive taxes.

R. C. GLEASON,
Tax Collector.

Charles Mesler will hold an art exhibition in the Gallup building from Aug. 4 to Aug. 21, at which time he will offer bargains in framed pictures.

Oak and chestnut fence posts for sale. Inquire of Victor B. Bouton, Smethport.

Let us paint your buggy and it will look like new. Holmes & Gilfillan.

The Greater Gain

By FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK

Copyright, 1901, by Frank Lillie Pollock.

THE fortnight following his wife's death passed very slowly to Walter Lindsay, professor of English literature and language at the college of Rameses City. He did no lecturing—indeed, he was about to resign his chair—and he dragged out the twenty-one empty days in the falsest of false positions. He had to receive the condolences of his friends and pretend that the woman's death meant something besides emancipation. He was ashamed to catch himself even thinking of it as such. He rejoiced, but in mental stealth, and in the midst of these emotions he was surprised by the strong and sharp sense of physical bereavement—the sudden removal of what had so long been a part of life to be continued.

His literary ambitions had never deserted him, though for the last decade he had had little time and less heart for actual work. But he had always tried to keep the flame alight. He remembered the time when his friends had thought the highest prizes not beyond his reach. He was only forty-one even now—a man's best age. Under the stimulus of anticipation he got out his old manuscripts and tried to start something new, but he could settle his mind to no sustained effort. He postponed beginning work till he should be well settled in New York, and he telegraphed his friend Russell to meet him at the ferry on Thursday.

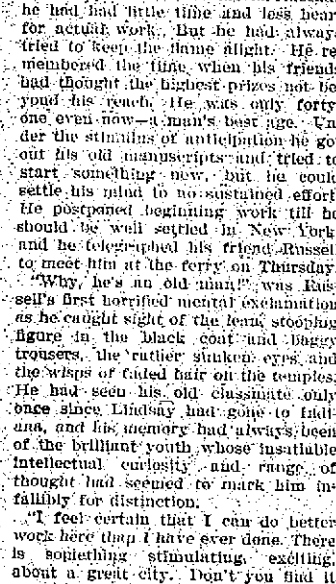
"Why, he's an old man!" was Russell's first horrified mental exclamation as he caught sight of the lean stooping figure in the black coat and baggy trousers, the rather sunken eyes and the wisps of faded hair on the temples. He had seen his old classmate only once since Lindsay had gone to Indiana, and his memory had always been of the brilliant youth whose insatiable intellectual curiosity and range of thought had seemed to mark him infallibly for distinction.

"I feel certain that I can do better work here than I have ever done. There is something stimulating, exciting, about a great city. Don't you find it so?" said Lindsay.

"I might—if one didn't have to keep up with the race," said Russell dryly. "Have you brought any manuscripts with you?"

"A few, mostly old ones. You know I have not had much time for writing during the last few years. Of course," he went on hesitating a little, "you know how it has been, and I may say that I do not feel that I have lost anything by it and I would do it all over again under the same circumstances. There may have been some loss of time, but I feel sure there has been a greater gain. It's been good for me. I'm fuller of ideas, and a man needs mellowing a little before he can do his best work. Don't you think so? But how have you been getting on? You never wrote much about yourself."

"My story sounds in a small way," he said, as Lindsay left the hatchway. "As fly as one so slightly shy may be here. How you know, I've had a good many flings about my own genius, and I've come to have more respect for



"SUPPOSE THIS IS BOHEMIA."

a potboiler than I once had. I never would have believed it once, but I really don't suppose I ever had it in me to write a Hamlet. You were always the man with the sacred fire. Come along this way."

The tall building consisted mostly of studios, and Russell occupied a much windowed room at the bitter end of a narrow staircase of many flights. Books and sheets of manuscripts were shuffled about everywhere, there were tropical posters on the walls, mixed with scraps of sketches and photographs, and a diffused suggestion of tobacco made a warm, hospitable odor of habitation. The haphazard disorder jarred on Lindsay's habits of precision, but it spoke unmistakably of work, and he respected it for that. Only he said as he washed off the coal dust of the train, "I suppose this is Bohemia."

Russell looked at the end of the cigarette he had mechanically lighted as if it disagreed with him.

"Oh, yes, this is Bohemia," he answered. "But Bohemia, to be any good, has got to be within you, like the kingdom of heaven. And it's a young man's country, Lindsay. We've got no business in it. To a man of forty Bohemia simply means poverty. If he hasn't gone over to Philistia by that age it's because he's made a financial failure. I began this way because I liked it, and now I can't get away."

Lindsay established himself in a smaller room on the same floor of the house, where he could have the benefit of his friend's counsel and the use of his typewriter, and he spent the rest of the afternoon in unpacking and settling himself. Russell was writing hard and made no appearance till evening, when he came in to take Lindsay out to dinner.

"We'll go to Zinfandel's place," he said. "It's cheap, it's got as much Bohemian color as anywhere, and you'll get to see some men there whom it will be useful to know."

The big basement restaurant was full of men when they arrived, the cigarette smoke was already curling up, and there was a rattle of dishes and conversation.

"Ah, there's McGann!" exclaimed Russell, gesticulating to a late comer, who nodded over the intervening heads and made his way to a seat at their table. Lindsay had heard of him as the editor of the Gray Leaf, the apostle of symbolism in unsymbolic New York.

Lindsay felt a little shy about joining in the conversation that followed, most of which was upon men and local literary matters beyond his knowledge. Anxious to say something, he caught at the first name he recognized.

"Isn't that the man who has just come out with a new version of Omar, in heroic syllables or something?"

"Ah, yes," said Russell. "The wild ass stamps o'er his head, but cannot break his sleep.' But he can do bully translation sometimes. Did you see his version of 'La Città Morta?'"

"D'Annunzio's, isn't it? No, I don't read D'Annunzio. I am unable to see why moral and physical perversion and disease should pose as literature, even"—

"S-sh!" interrupted Russell. "You must not say those things to McGann. He won't let you contribute to his magazine."

"It's the old question—art and ethics," McGann observed wearily.

But that was no merely abstract question to Lindsay. He had thought upon it to exhaustion. The justification of his whole conduct of life hung upon its answer, and he entered upon a statement of the necessary and essential morality of art and, as a corollary, of the artist. It was not particularly original, and it was colored with the peculiar crudity of the man who believed in all his convictions.

Nobody seemed inclined to pursue the subject any further when he stopped, but Lindsay, flushed with his discourse, joined largely in the succeeding talk, attempted epigrams and tried to show that he was not the raw outsider he might appear.

Lindsay could not sleep for hours after he went to bed. Physical fatigue, the novelty of his late experiences, the consciousness that he was entering at last upon the real struggle of his life excited his overtaxed nerves, and there was a depressing undercurrent of alarm at the complexity and speed of the strange currents upon which he had cast himself.

Russell had advised him to wait about for a few days till he should begin to feel at home, and next day he strolled leisurely up and down Broadway from Madison square to the Battery, along the water front and in that amazing whirlpool that swirls all round the pinkish tower of Trinity church. He was not much refreshed thereby. The turmoil of conflicting energies stunned his nervous system and hammered into his soul the sense of the terrific speed of the race for existence here where the race was to the strong. The idea of failure overtook him with a species of terror. He seemed to see himself falling beneath an avalanche of he knew not what filthy and abominable but all but irresistible forces. He had not made much progress toward feeling at home, but he began to experience a restless desire to be at work without further waste of the precious time.

He declined to go to Zinfandel's that night. So Russell went alone, and, meeting McGann at the door, they went in together.

"Where's your friend?" inquired the editor. "I like a man with convictions. He's not his presence make you feel like the latest of decorative objects—a mere flower, a little violet?"

"I'll tell you what it does do, McGann—it makes me mad!" ejaculated Russell, sitting up and forgetting his soup. "You and Lindsay are my oldest friends, I suppose, and I wouldn't tell this to any one else, but, by Jove, it's worth telling. He and I were in the same class at Yale, and everybody thought there was no end to his genius. Oh, I know what a college reputation is! But I tell you he turned out a story or two and some poems that the best man living mightn't have been ashamed to sign. He had things in the best magazines, and his style had just that brightness that always makes a hit. We had always cherished the plan of settling down here or in Boston and writing for all we were worth, but he got married a year after he graduated and I had to do it alone. I knew his wife before he did. She was a pretty little blood thing, genteel, private school, personally conducted to Europe and so on. She read up all the latest books to talk about them and thought she would like to have a salon. Why she married him heaven only knows. I believe she was speculating on his future. They hadn't any money, and of course he couldn't risk any such a game of chance as literature when he had a wife to look after—she wasn't the woman to back him up in a fight—so he got a sort of professorship in a wretched little school in Rameses."

"Rameses, Indiana? Good God!" interrupted the decadent.

"He was going to hold it for only two or three years and then come back east, but he's been there ever since—for seventeen years. He never had time to push ahead with his writing, and then his wife's lungs gave out, and for the last several years she has been progressing along in consumption. She went all to pieces, the way her sort always do when anything gets wrong, and I fancy she must have got pretty difficult, to say the least. His wife died last month, and here he is. You've seen him, McGann, there's a man who started out with better brains and more of them than you or I ever will have, and now he's—well, he's a cheap schoolmaster. He's made a sacrifice of himself, and the fire doesn't seem to descend on the altar. There's an immoral tale for your Gray Leaf."

"Does he understand it yet?" asked McGann curiously.

"Probably not, but he'll have to soon enough. He's old; he's used up; he's killed himself for a fool of a woman that he didn't care two sous for."

Certainly Lindsay had no idea that he was used up. Next morning he sat down before a thick pile of foolscap and opened a new bottle of ink. He had a brain full of ideas that had been accumulating for years, and he set to work upon a story of the middle west, his own country, that he had long been revolving. It came hard; the ideas refused to run freely into words, and he was forced to build up his tale in a laborious brickwork of slow sentences.

So, thus launched, Lindsay fought his fight. It was hard and bitter, for on one side stood the horror of failure, of financial failure, in New York, and this to a man unaccustomed to risk is totally destructive of mental poise, and on the other side from habit held him down in a groove of orthodoxy.

The rejected manuscripts began to come back in about five days, and for three weeks Lindsay listened for the postman's whistle as for the trump of doom. As the manuscripts came he re-read their in cold blood, and the result was sickening. He quite agreed with the editorial decisions. He said that he wouldn't print such stuff in a magazine if he own. But he knew that he could do better he knew that if he had time to work over and striking and he plunged desperately into work despite the [illegible] of his own heart, it could have thought him the [illegible]

[illegible] after [illegible] came back to his [illegible] and saw the waste-basket [illegible] in the middle of the floor, [illegible] with torn paper to its [illegible] What have you been [illegible] turned up a colorless face.

He began vaguely, but with [illegible] of disabled cheerfulness, "I the last [illegible]

"Yes, to it, sure. My sure [illegible] haven't been definitely knocked yet, I learn, and I can have my old place back at—oh—a slaving reduced salary. It's no use, Russell, you must have seen it. I can't work for pleasure any more. If I ever could have done anything it's too late. Perhaps I can do my college work. Don't [illegible] though, that I'm going back from a mistake to the real work of my life. I never liked teaching, and I never was any good. They'll take me back because I was there so long, but there won't be processions or bonfires on the campus on my return. But it's the only thing that I can do. I—you see, I—and always built my best hopes on something else."

He looked at Russell, and there was absolutely nothing to be said.

Russell went to the depot next evening and saw him off. It seemed to be an older, more stooped, more gray haired figure, than had come. He could have wept or cursed from sheer rage and pity.

"Poor devil," he muttered bitterly as he was being carried back up Forty-second street. "He has lost the world and gained his own soul, or is it the other way—or has he lost both?"

The car stopped, and Russell got off. Broadway, strong, triumphant, thundered and flared before him. It was the visible expression of the typical New York mood; unconsciously its presence colored Russell's thoughts.

"There must always have been a weakness in him," he said to himself, awaiting his car. "It led him to his marriage; it posed as stern morality all his life; it made him throw up the sponge here. Did we always overestimate him?—Did he ever really have the strength to reach success? I wonder."

A Clever Rune.

When Thurlow was lord chancellor of England he was much at outs with the bishop of London. The latter was visited one day by a clergyman who sought appointment to a fat living then vacant. He wanted a letter of recommendation to Lord Thurlow, but the bishop said such a letter was likely to do more harm than good. Nevertheless he wrote it. When Thurlow read the missive he said, "Well, as that scoundrel, the bishop of London, has introduced you, you won't get the living." "So the bishop said, my lord," was the meek reply. "Did the bishop say so?" roared Thurlow. "Then I'll prove him a liar, for you shall have the living." And he was as good as his word.

She Remembered.

"Come back for something you've forgotten, as usual?" said the husband.

"No," replied his wife sweetly. "I've come back for something I remembered."

He who expresses his willingness to die for a woman always reserves the right to fix the date of his demise.

THE NATCHEZ INDIAN

HE ASCRIBED THE SALVATION OF HIS RACE TO A WOMAN.

Traditions of a Tribe of Fire Worshipers That Were of Oriental Origin—The Legend of How the Sacred Flame Was Allowed to Die.

Of all Indian tribes, none was more interesting or more rudely destroyed than the Natchez. What is remembered of them is calculated to make a deep impression upon the imagination and to cause regret that some historian has not preserved a truthful history of this singular people. In the early traditions of the Mexicans, preserved to us in their hieroglyphical paintings, there is presented the wonderful spectacle of families and nations, from innate impulses, moving from "the north" and, ever restless, wandering over an unoccupied continent in search of homes. It is evident that the same wisdom that confounded the primitive language at Babel and scattered the swarming millions of Asia impelled the early occupants of our continent to move onward like advancing waves of the sea.

In these strange migrations some chief must have separated from the parent multitude and turned his face with his followers toward the southwest, and, finally reaching the delectable lands of the valley of the lower Mississippi, there established what was afterward known as the tribe of the Natchez.

The country selected is of surpassing loveliness, for from the precipitous bluff that so theatrically frowns down upon the Mississippi, Inland, to where the nation erected its great mound, is one continuous undulation of picturesque scenery, originally enriched with groves of live oaks and magnolias. It was really a fairyland, and enough of the primitive forest still remains to give the sanction of truth to the most florid description of it preserved in legendary lore.

There cannot be a doubt that at the time these nomades took possession of their adopted homes the surrounding country was comparatively without inhabitants, for the savage and warlike nations which lived in the neighborhood never would have permitted the Natchez in their infancy to occupy lands which even afterward the latter defended more by moral than by physical force.

As fire worshipers the Natchez displayed their oriental origin, and they were more sincere in this most poetic of all idolatries than the magi of the east. They possessed a tradition which, unlike the traditions of any other nation, gallantly ascribed the salvation of their race to a woman. This was that after the destruction of all the inhabitants of the earth save a single family, which family was about to die because of the continued darkness of the heavens, a young girl, inspired with a wish to save her race, threw herself into the fire which was used as a light and that no sooner was her body consumed than she arose in the east, surrounded with such surpassing glory that her form could not be looked upon. Thus enshrined she became the Sun, her nearest female relative being elected her successor, hence were established the worship of the sun and the living sacrifice of the sacred fire, together with the belief that so long as it blazed upon their altars the Natchez would be powerful and happy.

The sun, a female sovereign, was absolute in power. The rewards of the chase and of the cultivation of the soil were placed under her charge, implying that they were the results of her genial rays, and through her, as if direct from the hands of Providence, they were distributed among the people.

The Natchez must have rapidly increased after their establishment on the banks of the Mississippi, for their tradition was that in the first century of their settlement they raised those monuments of industry on which to erect their temples and bury their dead, and the remains of which are so much admired to this day. Their great work was built upon a hill, where they believed fire fell from the sun, indicating that their wanderings were at an end. This series of mounds, the most remarkable in the valley of the Mississippi, has been almost entirely overlooked by the curious in such relics of ancient days.

A natural hillock was leveled upon the top and used as the foundation of the mounds, the only example known. Upon a base thus prepared were raised the grand elevation for the great temple of the sun, the inferior works used for defense and the graves of the nobles. In examining these singular ruins, now covered with trees of a century's growth, it is not difficult to conceive them rising in their perfection from the open plain, their sumults smoking with sacrificial fires and covered with priests and people. It was only upon the great mound and at the festival of fruits that the sun showed herself to the multitude.

Arrived in robes of white cotton, adorned with feathers and her breast glistening with various brilliant stones, she assisted in the early greeting of her supposed ancestor, and as the god of day ascended in the east and shot his bright rays across the landscape they first of all fell upon the sacred priestess and were reflected back in ten thousand rays, which were regarded by the worshipers as a recognition of sympathy and acknowledged relationship.

According to the belief of the Natchez, the extinction of the fires of the temple would be a signal for their destruction, thus having, it would seem, with some other nations mentioned in history, a foreboding of their extermination. A brief period before the French invaded their homes by some accident this fearful catastrophe happened, and the nation was consequently suffering from superstitious depression. It was therefore that they fell a comparatively easy prey to the superior arms and discipline of the European invader.

In their struggle for existence after an obstinate defense they were first driven from the banks of the river; but, again rallying, they gathered for their final struggle at the base of the great mound. As soon as the tribe thought themselves sufficiently prepared they provoked attack, and their last great battle took place. The sun chief was killed, and the survivors, believing that the dark prophecy that rested upon the Natchez had been fulfilled, as a crowd of flying fugitives retreated west of the Mississippi and after various misfortunes were lost or became absorbed among the Osages, the Texans and other friendly tribes.

The enlightened mind in speaking of the Natchez explains their destruction upon philosophical reasons. It was the weak giving way to the strong, but their fate appealed to more sympathizing and more imaginative hearts, who have softened the story of their ruin, stripped it of its harsher features and left it so interwoven with golden light that we hate forget the unwelcome truth and think hopefully of the departed. The southern Indians of our day, when sitting beside their camp fires and speaking of the times that are past tell us that a young Natchez chief, famed for his virtue and bravery, became enamored of a beautiful maiden and that his passion was returned. His interviews were stolen ones and few and far between. On one occasion, when the young chief was keeping his night watch over the sacred fire of the temple, he heard the plaintive song of a day girl and, flying to the neighboring grove, there met his mistress and exchanged the solemn vows of eternal love. Returning to the temple, the young chief, to his horror, discovered that the flame had expired in his (unconsciously to him) long absence, and the ashes which had ever glowed with living fire were cold.

Anger filled the young warrior's breast, despair was impressed upon his features, and as the sun illumined the hills and made the homes of the Natchez glisten in its refreshing and (to them) sacred radiance there was no response of ascending sacrifice, and the chief priests rushed with precipitation to the temple to learn the cause.

Terrible indeed were the wailings that ascended from the soul stricken worshipers. It was deemed that a curse had fallen upon the nation, that its speedy extinction was shadowed forth, and, amid the excitement, by order of the great sun, the young maiden was sacrificed not only as a propitiation, but that her surpassing beauty should no longer tempt the guardians of the sacred altars to neglect their vigils.

The young chief was doomed to make expiation in fastings and prayers, and after due ceremonies he was implemented in the center of the great mound, there to remain until he would kindle the lost fire from heaven. It was in vain that he essayed the comparatively easy task of lighting the proper combustibles by rapid friction. Overwhelmed by religious fear, his strength of arm appeared to have departed, and, even when from long and patient labor the fire was about to descend, a fear of neglect for the memory of his mistress would fall upon the just ignited wood and leave his interminable task to be again renewed.

Although years—yea, centuries—have passed away, although the entrance to the great mound was crumbled fidistinguishably into the surrounding mass and huge trees have usurped the places of the ascents and the altars, yet the old Indians in their day dreams visit the young chief, who is still in the center of the mound, perseveringly engaged in his labor, and confidently assert that when he receives the sacred fire he will again appear at the altar and that the Natchez, in all their former glory, will take possession of their now desolated homes.—Cor. Kansas City Times.

WHERE LUCK WAS LOST.

In trying to take short cuts to success.

In looking on the dark side of everything.

In overconfidence born of a first easy victory.

In not working to a plan or programme.

In not being ready for the opportunity when it came.

In sampling every kind of investment scheme that came along.

In dreaming of great things instead of doing the little ones at hand.

In being so disagreeable and selfish that they could not make friends.

In waiting for somebody to help them or give them a boost or for some rich uncle to die.

In refusing to take the positions they could get because they did not know whether they would like the work or not.—Success.

Good Both Ways.

Bishop Wilson of Calcutta, whose speeches are often quoted, had the happy faculty of saying the right thing at all times.

On one occasion two young people whose fathers were famous for their diverse and peculiar views on Biblical subjects came to see the bishop.

"Ah," said he as he greeted one, "your father wrote a great work on the Apocalypse. I congratulate you on being the daughter of such a man."

Then, turning to his other guest, he said: "And your father forbore to write about the Apocalypse—a wise forbearance. You are to be congratulated on having so wise a father."

A Bishop's Pun.

Henry Niles Pierce, Episcopal bishop of Arkansas, was as inveterate and clever a punster as the noted English divine, Sydney Smith. On one occasion a lady in expressing her admiration of his erudition exclaimed:

"Why, bishop, you are a perfect ocean of learning."

"No, madam," was the modest rejoinder, "I'm only a part of the sea of Arkansas."

Worse Than East Africa.

The worst climate I have ever experienced is that of New York, which presents all the disadvantages of the arctic and torrid zones.—From "The East African Protectorate," by Sir Charles Eliot.

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Breaks no Hearts, Excuses no Crimes.

Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is not a disguised enemy of the human race; where it cannot help, it does not harm. It is composed of vegetable ingredients and does not heat or inflame the blood but cools and purifies it. In all cases of Kidney troubles, Liver complaints, Constipation of the bowels, and the delicate derangements which afflict women, the action of Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is beyond praise. Thousands of grateful people voluntarily testify to this, in letters to Dr. Kennedy, and with a warmth and fullness of words which mere business certificates never possess. It makes no drunkards—excuses no crimes—breaks no hearts. In its coming there is hope, and in its wings there is healing. We challenge a trial and are confident of the result. Your druggist has it. ONE DOLLAR a Bottle. Bear in mind the name and address: Dr. *David* KENNEDY, Rondout, New York.

Spring and Summer Styles

in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.

PATTERN HATS and DOMESTICS

In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co.
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, swee piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked

MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always head-quarters.

J. F. ROONEY Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING

—AND—

EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

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SMETHPORT, PA.

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to F. H. Nourse.

LIVERY & FEED STABLE

Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House

SMETHPORT, PA.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH, AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

A. T. Palmer

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE,

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903.

Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot.

BROMO-PEPSIN

"NOTE THE WORD PEPSIN."

CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.

All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are he Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

TIRED OUT.

There's many a wife sits in the growing shadows of an evening, knowing what it is to feel tired out, as if there was not another ounce of effort left in her. But if healthy she knows how sound her slumber will be and how refreshed the morning will find her. But, it's another thing for the sick woman to feel tired out. Rest only seems to increase her suffering. She feels acutely the aching back and throbbing nerves. Sick women, hundreds of thousands of them have been made well by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"I am pleased to inform you of the benefit I received from using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery,'" writes Mrs. Elizabeth A. Oswold, of 45 Brant Street, Windsor, Essex Co., Ontario, Canada. "Was quite discouraged when I wrote asking your advice, as the physicians here told me I could get no relief except by an operation. Suffered for four years from irregular and profuse menstruation, had sick and nervous headaches, most of the time, and at times could hardly walk across the floor from weakness. I thank God that there is such a remedy as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for suffering women. Before I had taken the first bottle the headaches had left me and it was not long before regularity was established and still continues so. Have just finished house-cleaning which I never expected to be able to do, and can truthfully say I never felt better than at present. I gladly recommend 'Favorite Prescription' to all who suffer from female weakness. It has cured me and made me stronger in every way. Neither my husband nor myself can say enough in its praise."

The selfish seller who urges some substitute is thinking of the larger profit he'll make and not of your best good.

THE BIG STORE.

Jewett's Refrigerators
Shepard's Lightning Ice Cream Freezers.
Wheeler's Adjustable Window Screens
Screen Doors
Wire Screen Poultry Netting
Summer Gas Ranges
Hot Plates and Ovens
Paints and Varnishes
Crockery and Glassware
Spaulding's Baseball and Athletic Goods

JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 3, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Baseball next Tuesday.

—Roulette has a brass band composed of young ladies.

—The Bradford Trades Assembly is arranging to properly observe Labor Day, Sept. 4.

—The Barker Collars for men, women and children are advertised by Fry & Comes this week.

—The subject for next Sunday morning at the Baptist church is, "Life's Upper Room—It's Necessity."

—Mrs. Mary L. Bisett advertises another sale for Friday and Saturday. Her ad. will interest the ladies.

—The chemical factories throughout the county are taking a fifteen days shut down for the purpose of curtailing the output.

—Self exertion, self control and self reliance characterize Edinboro Normal students. Fall session begins Sept. 12, 1905. John F. Bigler, Prin.

—The McCoy Window Glass Company of Mt. Jewett is enlarging its plant from 48 blower to 60 blower and making other necessary improvements.

—LeRoy Burdick, one of the oldest residents of Potter county, died at his home in Hebron township one day last week, aged 87 years. Six children survive.

—The Mandy Carnival Company is showing to big crowds at Bradford this week. This is the same concern that exhibited in Buffalo during the recent Elks' convention.

—The person who wrote "man wants but little here below" evidently did not know the fellow who insists upon getting free advertisements in newspapers for which he does not subscribe.

—The Baptist and Methodist congregations have undertaken union services for the first Sunday evening in each month. The first of these will be held in the M. E. church next Sunday evening. Rev. W. A. Day will conduct the services.

—During a thunderstorm of terrific intensity which passed over New York City Sunday afternoon, five persons were struck by lightning and instantly killed and nine were seriously injured at the Parkway Baths, Coney Island. At the same time one man was killed and three prostrated at Grayscend Beach.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has just issued an attractive booklet descriptive of Asbury Park. The publication is designed to present the attractions and claims of Asbury Park as a summer seaside resort. Persons desiring information concerning this popular resort may obtain a copy of the booklet by enclosing two cents in postage stamps to Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Pennsylvania railroad, Philadelphia, Pa.

—A disastrous cloudburst occurred in Warren Saturday evening. Glade run, a small stream which runs through the city, rose so quickly that residents along that stream were compelled to move into the second story of their homes. All the gas lines were broken and the city was in darkness. In the afternoon of the same day a cloudburst occurred in Titusville, flooding portions of the city and doing damage estimated at nearly $50,000.

Harry and the Magician.

Many years ago Anderson, "the wizard of the north," gave some performances in Edinburgh, and Professor Burkie was one of the crowd who went to see them. As he was making his way in he felt something at his coat tails, and, putting his hand into his pocket, he found an egg. This he took out and most adroitly transferred it to the pocket of a young man just in front of him, a person as unlike himself as can well be imagined. Arrived in the hall, he remarked where this young man placed himself and chose his own seat in a corner as remote as possible. When the time came for "Wizard" Anderson to "trouble" him for the egg he arose and explained that he had nothing of the sort in his pocket, but that he believed "that gentleman" could produce it, pointing to the astonished young man, whose surprise, however, by no means equaled that of the wizard.

Skull Worship.

Lecky, in his "History of the Eighteenth Century," shows us that skull worship, strange as it may seem, was almost the only form of devotion in the upper circles of France just prior to the revolution. A skull illuminated by tapers, garlanded with gay ribbons and adorned with pearls might then commonly be found in a devout lady's boudoir. Its pet name was La Belle Mignon, the pretty darling, and the fair devotee was wont to spend a part of every day in prayer and meditation before it. The queen of Louis XV. was much addicted to this, and the skull before which she prayed was said to be that of Ninon de l'Enclos, the noted court beauty, around whom flitted Cardinal Richelieu, the great Conde and La Rochefoucauld.

How Names Grow Up.

We have become so accustomed to rolling the proper names in our geographies over our tongues as glibly as we do our own that few of us ever stop to think how much of history, political, natural and religious, is wrapped up in a few syllables. How many towns do you know that end in "berg," "burg," "burgh" or "borough?"

Take for the first one Edinburgh, for instance. How came it by that name instead of Stumptown or Hardscrabble? Let us take the "burgh" out of the name first.

"Burgh" means in England and Scotland a corporate town. All the English towns that end in "berry," "burrow," "bury," "borrow," etc., have that ending from "burgh." In the German it means a castle or fortified town. So much for our "burgh." Then, in Edinburgh, it means the castle or town of—whom or what? Here "Edin" is only "Edwin" shortened, and Edinburgh the town of Edwin. Taking this one as a model, the study becomes easy and interesting.—London Globe.

Victims of Old Jokes.

A hospital surgeon says that there is more facial paralysis among bank paying tellers, photographers and elevator operators than in any other classes. He accounts for it with the words, "old jokes."

"How so?"

"Whenever a bank clerk hands out a fresh, crisp bill, the man on the other side of the window says: 'Now money, eh? Make it yourself, I suppose.' It is up to the teller to force a laugh. The man on the chair says, 'Ain't you afraid I'll break the camera?' He would be mortally wounded if the operator did not laugh. One man out of every ten will enter an elevator and say to the boy at the rope, 'Lots of ups and downs in your life, ain't there?' The boy forces a smile.

"Year after year of this sort of business tells in the long run. The victims come here for treatment, and we can hold out no hope to them unless they get into another line of labor."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Medicines and His Death.

A reader at the Paris Bibliotheque Nationale has dug up the prescriptions for medicines which were ordered to Prince Conde in his last illness. A consultation of three physicians prescribed "a syrup made of rice, marshmallow roots and sugar candies" and a blister to be applied night and morning. The distinguished patient failed to improve, and a fourth doctor was called in, who ordered "two ounces of a preparation of hyacinths to fortify the heart and repair the exhausted forces," followed by "poppy water," "syrup of stag horns," "ipecacuana," "liquorice" and "mistletoe roots." The prince lived through this treatment for six months, when he died, according to the death certificate, "of the malady from which he was suffering." It doesn't make any difference now, but it is natural to hope he didn't die of anything worse.

An Odd Regiment.

In the office of the last century Mr. Leveson-Gower resided in St. Petersburg. He told this story: "Opposite to our house was drawn up a regiment called Paulyski, formed by the Emperor Paul, all the men having turned up noses and theatrical resembling him. It seems it was the fashion here to compose regiments of men who have the same sort of features. The emperor had records sent to him and told them off according to their looks. What did I mean? There is one regiment of men all marked with the smallpox. This I only met regiment did one thing which amused him. Just before the ceremony came up they all blew their noses with their fingers at the word of command, and this was in order that none of them might sneeze when the emperor passed, as their doing so would bring him bad luck."

A One Night Dress.

During the days of the second empire a leader of fashion in Paris, finding that she had overdrawn her husband's munificent allowance and that a great fancy ball was imminent, went to the great man milliner, Worth, and prayed him to hire her a costume.

He was shocked. Such mean expedients had never come in his line. The lady prayed. The great man denied. Finally the prayers of beauty prevailed. But she was to wear a costume entirely of his devising.

He dressed her as the flag of Paris. The tricolor fluttered in her skirts, on her shoes, in her enameled earrings. Her hair was dressed to represent a stormy sea in which rode the famous three masted galley bearing the arms of Paris. The lady was enraptured. The great man only charged her 1,500 francs. The dress was worn for one night only.

Extremely Rabbity.

"[illegible] I won't see baby [illegible] young mother [illegible] over [illegible] He has [illegible] just [illegible] with [illegible] he seems [illegible] so [illegible] for [illegible] he's [illegible] pretty."

You Know Him.

"Oh, yes, he's a very intellectual man."

"What makes you think that?"

"I judge so from his talk."

"What does he talk about?"

"He's always talking about how intellectual he is."—Philadelphia Press.

How He Won.

"How did you get along with that mining proposition that fellow wanted you to go into?"

"I made $5,000 out of it."

"You did! How did you do that?"

"By not going into it."—Houston Post.

Wise Daughter.

Father—If you paid more attention to cooking and less to dress, my dear, you would make a much better wife.

Daughter—Yes, father. But who would marry me?

A Man Eating Tiger.

In 1891 one of the Hagenbecks and Herman Boger, a hunter in the family's employ, went to India for tigers. Hearing of a savage man eater in a certain district, they organized a party and sallied forth to find him.

Crouching like a cat, with back up and whiskers bristling, it waited its chance for a spring. One of the natives more venturesome than the rest, boldly charged it. With a sudden blood curdling growl it was upon him and he was brushed from his horse like a mass of straw. And then, though he was a man of fully 145 pounds weight, the great beast seized him as a cat seizes a kitten and started off with him toward the jungle. It was impossible to shoot for fear of killing the man, and so we had to make the chase one of strategy. Finally, near the edge of the undergrowth, we cornered the tiger, and it dropped its luckless burden. Then a bullet from an express rifle ended its days of pillage. It had carried the man half a mile, and, strange to say, he was little injured.—Leslie's.

Corsica and England.

It is an almost forgotten fact that for a period of a little more than two years during the Napoleonic wars Corsica was a British possession. After the evacuation of Toulon the British government felt it necessary to take the island, and Lord Hood, with Nelson as brigadier, was sent to drive out the French. With the capture of Calvi, July 12, 1794, where Nelson lost his eye, the island fell into British hands, and George III. formally accepted the crown of Corsica, appointing Sir George Elliot as British viceroy and allowing the Corsicans to retain their legislative assembly. In 1796 the activity of the French navy in other parts of the Mediterranean resulted in a sudden decision of the British government to withdraw from the island. The evacuation was completed on Oct. 26 of that year, and Corsica reverted to France.

Cooking in Naples.

In Naples cooking is done anywhere and anyhow—inside and outside, on sheet iron stoves, on tin boxes, in stone jars or in clay baked earth. Here a soldier sits from early to late out on a corner of a sidewalk near a public "Latrina," to which he attends whenever necessary; when not, he mends; also makes shoes. Near him is a granite "arrangement" where he cooks his meals. It is about one foot high, square and open at the top, with space deep enough for some charcoal. Below the coal is a grate. On one side at the bottom is an opening for draft, and a savory smell always arises from a little black pot if one passes there at noon or toward the evening. I saw a stove and a woman busy cooking out on a balcony, with about six feet of stovepipe braced against the railing.—Chicago Tribune.

How Dew Forms.

Dew was formerly supposed to fall softly from the heavens, and to this belief may be ascribed many current and poetical phrases; but dew does not fall in the exact meaning of the term. The condensation of watery vapor follows upon the chilling of the air. This is seen as the earth cools toward night, and it takes place more rapidly near the ground. Grass and other vegetation cools more rapidly than the air above it. The air in contact with plants is thus chilled and deposits its moisture upon the leaves of the plants in dew. When the chilling of the air proceeds further, the moisture may be precipitated to a considerable height above the earth's surface, and it then becomes what we call fog.

The Muff.

In many of the portraits of the sixteenth century one often sees a strip of rich, soft fur wound around the wrist of a noble dame. This was used to cover the neck or fulfill the function of the muff, and to it was often attached a small animal's head or a skull cunningly wrought in metal and adorned with precious stones. The first Venetian muffs were small, made of a single piece of velvet, brocade or silk lined with fur, the opening enriched with gold or silver buttons set with stones. By 1662 the muff seems to have been recognized as the necessary adjunct of the wardrobe of a woman of fashion.

Reap Your Reward In Peace.

You have a disagreeable duty to do at 12 o'clock. Do not blacken 9 and 10 and 11 and all between with the color of 12. Do the work of each and reap your reward in peace, so when the crowded moment in the future becomes the present you shall meet it walking in the light and that light will overcome the darkness.—George McDonald.

His Last Wish.

"What are you doing with that sheet of paper, Orville?" sharply asked his wife.

"I am making a wish," answered Mr. Meekun.

"A wish?"

"Yes, my dear. In your presence I shall not presume to call it a will."—Chicago Tribune.

A Cuckoo That Stutters.

Even the cuckoo, which has no home, is strongly faithful to locality. In an Essex district an old cuckoo, known to the whole place by a distinctive stammer in its speech, was seen and heard regularly in the same parish for seven consecutive years.—London Outlook.

Constant Opportunity.

Great opportunities seldom present themselves, but every moment of every hour of thy conscious life is an opportunity to improve thyself, which for thee is the best and most necessary thing.—Ruskin.

A Smart Woman.

"Biggins' wife thinks he is the smartest man on earth."

"No," answered Miss Cayenne; "she doesn't think so. She merely makes Biggins think she thinks so."

Gentleness and cheerfulness, those come before all morality; they are the perfect duties.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

The Outlook For History.

History must be human, making its final appeal not as a monument of erudition, but as a masterpiece of art, in which the collective deeds and passions of men shall be not merely pictured with photographic accuracy, but vitalized and interpreted. Let us not suppose that this is a new aim. The great historians have always held it. The idea that Thucydides and Tacitus neglected to consult all the material available in their time is ludicrous. Gibbon knew his "sources" as profoundly as the impeccably correct Gardiner, Mommsen, we may be sure, had not, like Stubbs, a body of evidence which he dared not explore. The master historians in the future, by whatever method they may work, will prove themselves to be akin to these in insight, in power and in art.—W. R. Thayer in Atlantic.

Had Them Either Way.

In his "Recollections of Virginian" General Dabney H. Maury tells of an old lady in Fredericksburg who was reduced to taking in boarders in order to make both ends meet. On one occasion of peculiar stress the larder was so empty that the good lady took to her bed and summoned her servant. "Nancy," she said, "there's nothing in the house for my boarders to eat except mush. But give them that. If they are Christians they will accept in resignation and thankfulness. And if they are not Christians it is a deal too good for them."

A FAMILY SAFEGUARD

Dr. Green arranges with the Niece of Dr. Boschee to handle her famous Uncle's Great Throat and Lung Cure.

¶The best family safeguard is a reliable household medicine that will cure croup, coughs, colds, chilly sensations, running eyes and nose, sore throat and bronchial affections—that will keep the children proof against all contagious diseases.

¶Such a medicine is Boschee's German Syrup, which has a record of 35 years in the cure of consumption, catarrh and all lung and bronchial troubles.

¶The fame of German Syrup as a consumptive cure, since its purchase by Dr. Green from the niece of the famous Dr. Boschee, has extended to all parts of the earth. It has big sales everywhere. 76

¶Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

RUBBER GOODS
SICK ROOM FURNISHINGS

Prescriptions accurately compounded.

LEATHER GOODS
JEWELRY
CUT GLASS
HAND PAINTED CHINA
STATIONERY
PERFUMES

We carry in stock all the latest

MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS.

Our business is bigger and better this year than ever and we can please you both in quality and price.

Oldest drug store in the county—Established 1865.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

F. S. FLOUR now $1.70 in 1-4 bbl. paper sacks.

Quaker 2 pound Rolled Oats have the calf, 10c package.

Warm Weather Eatables

Corn Beef, Roast Beef, Veal Loaf, Ham Loaf, Dried Beef, Pitted Cherries, Salmon, Pickled Herring, Cove Oysters, Sardines, Olives, Sweet, Sour or Dill Pickles, Pickled Walnuts, Baked Beans.

Several other articles too numerous to mention which can be served cold, and not heat up the house. Prompt delivery and small orders will receive the same attention as larger ones. Your further favors requested.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport,

Special Bargain Sale

FRIDAY and SATURDAY on

Ladies' and Misses' White and Colored Wash Shirt Waist Suits and Skirts.

Also a good assortment of ladies' walking skirts, all colors, at special cut prices FRIDAY and SATURDAY. Trimmed and untrimmed hats are now going at cost. Don't miss this sale.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, methport, Pa.

Brasted's ICE CREAM AND SODA WITH THE CRUSHED FRUITS CAN NOW BE HAD.

The Keystone County Press

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 3, 1905.

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

For State Treasurer,
J. LEE PLUMMER,
of Hollidaysburg.

For Superior Court Judges,
CHARLES E. RICE,
of Wilkesbarre.
GEORGE B. ORLADY,
of Huntingdon.
JAMES A. BEAVER,
of Bellefonte.

COUNTY.

FOR SHERIFF,
GEORGE W. MITCHELL.

FOR PROTHONOTARY,
SAMUEL E. BELL.

FOR RECORDER,
H. M. CHOATE.

FOR REGISTER,
J. B. EASTMAN.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
GUY B. MAYO.

FOR CLERK OF COURTS,
W. H. MORRISON.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
GEORGE GRIFFITHS.
J. A. PETERSON.

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS,
OSCAR ENGSTROM,
C. W. FREEMAN.

THE contest for the next term in Congress is likely to be very warm in this district. Four of Clearfield county's sons are already mentioned as probable candidates.

BECAUSE Mayor Tom Johnson of Cleveland would not allow pool selling and the other usual race track gambling, the races scheduled for that place this week have been called off.

SOME members of the Southern Cotton Association demand the resignation of Secretary of Agriculture Wilson while others of the same organization are as anxious to have him continue in office.

THE discovery of America cost just about $7,500—$3,000 for Columbus's fleet, $300 for the Admiral's salary, $200 each for the two captains accompanying the expedition, and $2.50 per month each for the several members of the crew. And yet there are folks who say that no legitimate investment can possibly pay more than 6 per cent.—Cent Per Cent for August.

TO facilitate a more accurate handling of mail by rural free delivery carriers, the Postoffice Department is arranging for the numbering of rural boxes. The delivery of ordinary mail matter of all classes addressed to boxes by number alone will be authorized, the same as it is now permitted in the case of postoffice boxes, so long as an improper and unlawful business is not conducted.

YELLOW fever is raging in the South. Every effort is being made to prevent the spread of this terrible disease and the authorities hope to have it practically eradicated by the end of the week. Dr. Donald, State Health Officer in charge at Hattiesburg, Miss., and points below that place, reported Monday that five Italians attempting to escape from the detention camp near Lumberton, Miss., were fired upon by the cordon of guards. Two were killed and three seriously injured. The guards repeatedly called on the fugitives to halt, but no attention was paid to their orders. Dr. Donald reports only one case of yellow fever at Lumberton, the original one.

BECAUSE the Czar has assured the Orenburg clergy who had petitioned him upon the subject that he would never conclude a shameful peace, some ingenious commentators are drawing the inference that he underwent a stiffening of the backbone during his now famous interview with the Kaiser on board the Hohenzollern. It is difficult to perceive the logic of this deduction. Outside the ranks of the Orenburg clergy, who seem to have had some misgivings upon the subject, no one has ever supposed either that the Russian Emperor would conclude a shameful peace or that the Japanese would seek to impose upon him the necessity of doing so.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

NEW ORLEANS reported last week 250 cases of yellow fever and 54 deaths; but notwithstanding this showing, the authorities appear to be gaining the upper hands of the scourge by making war on mosquitoes. The theory that yellow fever is not contagious, but is spread by mosquitoes is now accepted by the highest scientific authorities, and while ultra-conservatives are still tenacious of old beliefs, the result of experiments appears to confirm the new theory. Experience has demonstrated moreover, that it is possible to rid any community of mosquitoes by the simple process of treating their breeding places with petroleum and by exercising care in not leaving water in any receptacle wherein "wigglers" may breed. War on the mosquito pest might be inaugurated to advantage in communities not threatened by yellow jack; nor is there any doubt that the extermination of flies would cut off one source of the transmission of disease.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON D. C., July 29, 1905

The determination of the government to get to the bottom of the irregularities in the Department of Agriculture is shown by the action of the court to-day in the cases of the recalcitrant brokers Hass and Peckham who were subpoenaed from New York to appear before the special grand jury and who refused to answer the questions put to them. Both the brokers were accompanied by counsel and refused to answer the questions asked them first on the ground that the court had no right to inquire into their private business and second claiming that their answers might incriminate them. This is one of the last pleas that a witness usually adopts and makes it seem more apparent to the jury that the brokers were keeping back something that might be of vital interest in the investigation. The attorneys for the witnesses asked that they might have till Monday to pass on the questions, but the court ruled that they must answer at the meeting of the grand jury on Saturday. It is believed that Judge Wright, before whom the case is being held, will direct the witnesses to answer the questions put to them or take the alternative of going to jail. Both of the witnesses have able counsel and while they on Friday requested their first decision not to reply to the questions asked them, it is probable that they will alter their minds when confronted with a jail sentence for contempt of court.

There was another mild sensation in the Department of Agriculture to-day by the presentation and prompt acceptance of the resignation of Dr. Geo. T. Moore of the Bureau of Soils. It appears that Dr. Moore had while connected with the Bureau published a pamphlet that was printed by the department on the enrichment of soils, recommending the use of certain nitrogenous compounds. The compound as is the custom, in any such cases, was patented in the name of Dr. Moore by the Department of Agriculture as a protection to the farmers and assuring the freedom of the nitro culture for farm use. At the same time a company known as the Nitro Culture Company of West Chester, Pa., was formed to manufacture the compound and an offer of a good block of stock in the company and a liberal salary was made to Dr. Moore for his services. Dr. Moore communicated the Department but his resignation was not accepted and a raise of salary was promised him. The matter dragged along without the increase of salary being granted and Dr. Moore's wife held the stock in the company while Dr. Moore continued to work in the bureau. This state of affairs continued till brought out at a hearing in the Department this week. Dr. Moore promptly tendered his resignation to the Secretary of Agriculture and it was accepted and the whole action made public in a statement issued by the Department.

It seems that the affairs of the Government Printing Office are not to rest with the conclusion of the Keep Commission which has been investigating the purchase of seventy-two setting machines for use in the department. This commission has concluded its investigation but the results have not yet been made public. Meantime there is a congressional committee headed by Senator Platt of New York, that has been authorized to inquire into the affairs of the office. It is stated that the Government's printing bill has increased from three and a half million in 1898 to $7,000,000 at present. This increase has been largely in connection with matter that Congress thought the government need not be required to print, and the first meeting of the investigating committee is looked forward to with considerable interest. It is probable that the committee will cut off some of the useless expenditure and that a good deal of useless printing will be dispensed with without hurting the efficiency of the largest printing establishment in the world.

The Navy Department is congratulating itself on the receipt to-day of a communication from the armored cruiser Pennsylvania that has just arrived at Tompkinsville, showing that she has broken the record for armored vessels by doing a trial with a regular crew on board at a rate of 22.8 knots. This makes her not only the fastest armored vessel in the navy but the first time that a vessel in the navy has beaten her builder's trial with a regular crew. The speed of the Pennsylvania on her builder's trial was 22.1 knots.

An interesting communication to the Navy Department has come from Lieut. Kaiser, in charge of the wireless apparatus on board the Brooklyn when she brought home Paul Jones' body from France. He states that the Brooklyn's wireless installation sent and received a message while at sea from a distance of 1,100 miles. The message came so strong that it is quite evident that it could have been received at a considerably greater distance. During the same voyage signals were observed up to a distance of 1,700 feet.

The board of inquiry into the Bennington explosion has been appointed and Commodore Stevens has been ordered south from San Francisco for duty with the board in order that it should be composed of officers of sufficiently advanced rank. The meetings of the board will be held on the Chicago, the flagship of the squadron.

Fall Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged a special personally-conducted tour to visit the Pacific Coast, including the Yellowstone Park, Portland (for the Lewis and Clark Exposition) and the beautiful resorts among the Colorado Rockies. This tour will leave New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and other cities on the Pennsylvania Railroad Saturday, September 2, by a special train of high-grade Pullman equipment. The itinerary will cover a period of three weeks, the party reaching the East on the homeward journey September 22. The special train will be used by the party over the entire route, except during the five and one-half days in the Yellowstone Park, when the fine hotels now in service in the Great Preserve will be utilized. The train will be side-tracked in Portland for occupancy there, and all meals en route, except in the Yellowstone Park and in Denver, will be served in the special dining car.

Round-trip tickets, covering all necessary expenses for twenty-one days, $200 from all points on the Pennsylvania Railroad except Pittsburgh, from which the rate will be $195.

For itineraries and further information apply to ticket agents; O. Studds, Eastern Passenger Agent, 263 Fifth Avenue, New York; Hugh Hasson, Jr., Passenger Agent Baltimore District, Baltimore, Md.; B. M. Newbold, Passenger Agent Southeastern District, Washington, D. C.; Thos. E. Watt, Passenger Agent Western District, Pittsburgh, Pa.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.

Old Age and Matrimony.

When he was considered quite an old man James, Lord Balcarres, went to stay with old Lady Keith. There were a number of young ladies in the house and, before he arrived, Lady Keith said to them: "Now, there is this old gentleman coming to stay, and I particularly wish that you should all endeavor to make yourselves as pleasant to him as you can." They all agreed to do so, but a Miss Dalrymple said: "You may all do what you like, but I'll bet you anything that you please that I'll make the old gentleman like me best of us all." And so she did. She made him perfectly devoted to her all the time he was there, yet when he asked her to marry him she laughed in his face. Lord Balcarres was extremely crestfallen, but when he went away he made a will settling everything he could upon Miss Dalrymple. Somehow she heard of this, and said: "Then, after all, he must really care for me, and I will marry him." And she did. He was fifty-eight then, but they had ten children.

Wise M. P.'s.

"It never hardly be politicians, says the author of "Fifty Years In Fleet Street," that to be elected a member of parliament does not necessarily imply intellectual superiority." Shortly after the Burmese war a young civilian, home on leave, happened to mention Burma.

"Ah, yes, Burma," said an M. P. with whom he was sitting at table. "I had a nephew who was in Burma, only he used to call it Bermuda."

On another occasion, in the month of March, some one said to Mr. Livesey:

"This is a cruel east wind."

"Yes," was the would be witty reply. "I expect it will be Easter before it is over."

This was repeated by the author of the book quoted to a respected member of parliament, who observed gravely: "I fancy he's right. I have known it last till Easter and longer yet."

A Glasgow Cemetery.

The Necropolis cemetery, Glasgow, as originally planned, contained almost exactly twenty-four acres available for burials, and it was suggested that each division of one acre should be named after a letter of the Greek alphabet, which contains twenty-four characters. For various reasons this idea has not been fully carried out, but fifteen sections of the cemetery have been so named from alpha to omega, the monosyllable letters between those being omitted. The names have not been applied in any particular sequence, but with the aid of a small map they are useful in locating any particular spot in what is now one of the most densely filled graveyards in the kingdom.

Not a Messenger Boy.

A beggar accosted a man on the street the other day and poured out a tale of woe, to which the gentleman patiently listened. Then he took out a card bearing his name, which was that of a well known philanthropist who contributes largely to an organization working for the relief of the poor. This he handed to the man after writing an introductory note thereon. The beggar turned away with disgust written on his face and the parting remark:

"Say, d'ye think I got time to beat it up to dat joint? I'm too busy workin' dis pike to waste me time dat way. Wot d'ye t'ink I am—a messenger boy?"—New York Times.

The Difficult Persian Tongue.

Of the difficulties in the language of Persia a traveler writes: "The words one uses in a letter are almost entirely different from those used conversationally, and those in an ordinary prose history are again different. Then it is almost impossible to distinguish the tenses, and, lastly, the adjective is generally indistinguishable from the substantive, and the link between an adjective and the term which it qualifies is the same as the sign of the possessive. For instance, the text, 'This is my beloved son,' may be read in the Persian Bible 'This is the son of my beloved,' without the slightest violence to the grammar."

Subscribe for the MIRR.

Origin of One Graveyard.

The family of a member of parliament from Yorkshire has a private graveyard and has had it for several generations. The founder of it was a Quaker, and the rector of the parish in which he lived said to him after a dispute on religious matters: "Well, if you don't come to church when you are alive, you will when you are dead." But the Quaker thought otherwise and founded the burial place, which is used to this day.

Through Scenic Colorado

to Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles via the Missouri Pacific Railway. Tickets on sale during the summer months at very low rates. Through Standard Pullman and Tourist Sleeping Car Service from St. Louis to the Pacific Coast. For rates and information address Jno. R. James, Central Passenger Agent, 345 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE.

This college has recently taken a new place among the colleges of the country. Within four years five new buildings have been erected, new professors added and entering classes doubled. Five courses of study: Classical, Latin and Modern Language, Latin-Scientific, Scientific and Civil Engineering. Good traditions, strong faculty, superb location, beautiful grounds and buildings, reasonable expenses. Fall term opens September 18th. Write for catalog to President Crawford, Meadville, Pa.

Special August Sale

ON

Gauze Underwear and Hosiery

FRIDAY & SATURDAY

AUGUST 4th and 5th.

All Lace Hosiery go at 15c

There are many good things left in Muslin Underwear which are selling at cost and below.

MARY L. BISETT,
THE CITY STORE.

If a saving of twenty-five per cent.

on the goods named below interests you it would be well for you to come at once, as this offer of almost cost price will be withdrawn on August 1st. All

Men's and Boys' Suits, Straw Hats, Caps, $1 Negligee Shirts, Trunks, Suit Cases, Umbrellas

and many more articles suitable for present and fall wear.

25 per cent.

below selling price.

WM. MONHEIMER.
SMETHPORT.

CENTRAL STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

J. R. FLICKINGER, Principal.

Fall term of 15 weeks begins September 11th. The facilities at this important school for doing first-class work, professional and academic, were never better than now. Its graduates are required to do a full year's teaching in the training school. Its faculty has the best American and European training. Buildings modern. College Preparatory department. Location unexcelled. Fine Gymnasium. Expense moderate. Free tuition to prospective teachers. Address for illustrated catalogue, the Principal.

Weatbrook Academy,
Olean, N. Y.

Twenty-fourth year will begin September 5. Business, Shorthand, Typewriting and English courses.

Catalogue and photo of '04-05 class (100 students) mailed free. Address above.

Notice of Application for Transfer of License.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Judge of the Court of Quarter Sessions of McKean County, at chambers, at the Court House at Smethport, Pa., on Saturday, August 12th, 1905, at ten o'clock a. m., for the transfer of a wholesale liquor license to Joseph A. Holder, whose place of residence is Smethport, Pa., and occupation a clerk, said license dated May 15, 1905, having been granted to A. J. Warshofsky May 8, 1905, at No. 68 June Sessions, 1905, of said Court to keep a wholesale liquor store at the corner of Main and Franklin streets in Smethport aforesaid.

JOHN N. APPIN,
Att'y. for J. A. Holder.

Smethport, Pa., August 1, 1905.

Summer Stuff

I have a line of the very latest stuff for summer for men and boys.

Our white soft felt hats are just out and very popular in the large towns and college towns.

White shirts with the attached cuffs are always swell.

A new full line of small boys' wash suits.

Fine flannels in trousers or suits in ready or tailor made.

Pongee shirts with soft collar and cuffs attached.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

GO TO STORE OF

D. C. YOUNG

AND BUY YOUR

DRESS GOODS, SHIRT WAIST PATTERNS,

AND SO FORTH—NICE LINE TO SELECT FROM.

ALL AT REDUCED PRICES.

Do not forget to look at bargain Counter while there.

When you have bought your goods select a pattern to cut them after. You will find here a complete line of the Ladies' Home Journal patterns. All the newest designs for cutting everything needed to wear. Chart Model furnished free with each pattern.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.

June 27, 1905.

SPRING SUITS

The latest styles in spring goods have now arrived. The assortment is complete in every detail, and one of the best ever shown in Smethport. Let me make your Easter suit and I will guarantee it to be satisfactory in every sense of the word.

G. W. SHILLENN
THE LEADING TAILOR.

By reason of fresh arrivals our stock of

TOILET SOAPS and PERFUMES

were never so complete.

It seems as if we could please even the most particular customes.

INVESTIGATE.

McCoy's Drug Store

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

The Lindholm Co.

Gigantic Sale of Remnants

THIS WEEK

Hundreds of Remnants.

Remnants of Silks, Remnants of Dress Goods, Remnants of Wash Goods, Remnants of Laces and Embroideries,

and many broken lots of Merchandise from the large business done during our JULY CLEARANCE SALE. All odd and broken lots and short lengths must be cleared up at once. They are now

MARKED TO SELL QUICK.

Our Remnant Sale comes at a good time for you to buy short lengths for Children's School Dresses, Dressing Sacques, House Dresses, Kimonas, and separate Skirt lengths, in fact, remnants for every purpose at prices that represent only a fraction of their former selling price.

COME EARLY. SECURE THE CREAM AT SKIM MILK PRICES.

A FEW SPECIALS.

FOR THE LADIES

Ladies Oxfords.

Black and Tan, all sizes and widths. Good values at our prices. Specials this week.

COUPON 50c.

Good for 50c when presented in payment for Ladies' or Misses' Oxford Shoes at this this store from Aug. 4 to 12.

The Lindholm Co.

Shirt Waists.

2.50 and $2.25 values 1.48
1.25 and 1.00 values 69c
Ask to see them.

Ribbons.

Bushels of them, short and odd lengths. Prices will sell them. In the Remnant box.

FOR THE BOYS

Underwear, Shirts and Drawers reduced to 19c

Pants—striped wool and corduroy, excellent goods at 40c

FOR THE MEN

Underwear.

Some odd sizes. While they last 19c

Canvas Oxfords.

To close them out, $1.35 and 1.75 values at 98c

Men's Black & Tan Oxfords.

"Packard"—you know them. Bring the coupon. It will pay you

COUPON 75c.

Good for 75c when presented in payment for any men's or boys' Oxford Shoes at this store from Aug. 4 to 12.

The Lindholm Co.

Tennis Shoes

White tops, $1.40, now 1.10

A Few Straw Hats

mostle large sizes, 1.50 and 1.00, now 60c

Men's and Boys, Belts

All to go at 23c

EXTRA SPECIAL

SHIRT WAIST SUITS—$3.50 light voile colored dots, brown piping This sale $2.98.

$2.98 white Pique with blue dots.

$2.98 white Lawn with black dots. This sale $2 10

The Lindholm Co.

DESIGN AND DURABILITY UNSURPASSED — TRADE Standard MARK

Are You Going to Remodel?

If so, you will do it with the intention of improving upon present conditions. Our part is to interest you in our ability to improve and perfect your sanitary equipment.

Many families pay out yearly for doctor bills, due to sickness caused by the deadly sewer gases which enter the home on account of poor and defective plumbing, more than the difference between the cost of the cheapest and the best work.

You cannot have too many safeguards for the health and happiness of yourself and family. Of these safeguards, the sanitary equipment of your home is unquestionably the most important and can be securely trusted to us.

We do but one kind of work—the best—and use the famous "Standard" Porcelain Enameled Ware, every piece of which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be strictly first quality. Let's talk it over.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 3, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—August.

—Trout season closed Monday.

—School time is drawing near

Mt. Jewett vs. Smethport at Kane Field next Tuesday afternoon.

—The Holy Rollers camp meeting began at Burbank's crossing to-day.

—"Ike" Simons, the Bradford clothier, has a new ad to-day. Read it.

—Hon. Joseph W. Bouton and family moved into their new home this week.

—Tioga county is to have a stone pile for its prisoners to pass their time with.

—The Lindholm Co. are continuing their Remnant Sale. Their ad. this week tells of many interesting bargains.

—The Euchre Club met with Mrs. E. T. Albert, at the home of M. D. Shooke, yesterday.

—Rev. W. A. Day does not preach in the union church at East Smethport next Sunday.

—The Bradford baseball team are still playing winning ball and will soon get out of last place.

—Warner's Business College at Bradford has had to refuse four positions in four weeks—none to send.

—The Free Methodists will hold religious services in Kerns' hall, Franklin street, on Sunday next at 3 p. m. All are invited to attend.

—Mrs. F. J. Vickery entertained a number of friends at her home on King street, Wednesday afternoon, in honor of Mrs. David R. Morris.

—Tuttle's Olympic Shows exhibited at East Smethport yesterday. This circus is small, but from reports a creditable performance was given.

—Mr. and Mrs. Ward Means of Green street very pleasantly entertained a few friends Tuesday evening at cards. Refreshments were also served.

—The Rev. J. H. McCandless has gone into camp near Ceres with the boys of his Sunday School class at East Smethport. The Rev. Mr. Van Dyke is in the party.

—The Mt. Jewett ball team will play the local team at Kane Field next Tuesday and will attempt to get a victory from our team. A good game is expected. Game calls at 3:30 p. m.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday (Feast of the Transfiguration) the services will be at 10 and 10:30 a. m. and at 8 p. m. Preacher at the morning service, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke.

—Only seven arrests were made by the police of Kane during the past month. Is Kane a very orderly, sober, virtuous town—or are the police near-sighted?—Random Notes in Bradford Era.

—The Haines Flint Bottle Company shipped the largest car of bottles yesterday since the company was formed. It was consigned to Charles DeWitt, Baltimore, and contained 524 cases, or 707 gross.

—We may send for Mayor Weaver to clean out a certain "white slave" ranch on Third street before long.—Emporium Independent. When down at Emporium it might be well for him to cast his weather eye about this section.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—R. H. Young, commissioner of Potter county, died at his home in Ulysses last Friday morning of chronic diabetes, aged fifty-five years. He is survived by his widow, three daughters and one son. Mr. Young was serving his second term as county commissioner.

—Urias Wells is the possessor of a fine new Duffians Steel Back Piano. The piano is the most complete of all musical instruments. At its best it combines the most pleasing qualities of other instruments into a harmonius blend of sound which no other instrument can equal.

—McKean county Prohibitionists will hold their convention Aug. 18, in the court house at Smethport at 11 a. m. The speaker of the day will be Hon. M. J. Fanning, of Boston. It is planned that they will have an open-air mass meeting on the green during the afternoon.

—E. E. Smathers' stable of runners was sold at public sale in New York on Saturday. Security brought the highest price, $10,500. McChesney was purchased by J. B. Huggin. Mr. Smathers has disposed of all his runners and harness racers and has permanently retired from the turf.

—A dispatch from Atlantic City, dated July 31, says: An agreement was reached between the cutters and flatteners union and the wage committee of the window glass manufacturers' association to-day, and contracts were signed, giving control to that body over their branch of the window glass factories for the coming year.

—The Cattaraugus and McKean county Medical Societies will hold a joint meeting at the Hotel Bona Air, Rock City, on Aug. 8th and 9th. An elaborate program is being prepared, including papers by several of Buffalo's ablest physicians and surgeons, and an attempt is being made to secure New York and Philadelphia essayists.

—D. W. Dewalt of Port Allegany has patented a gauge for the perfect laying of rails for railroads that is meeting with considerable approval from railroad people. It is a sort of clamping arrangement which by means of levers at once brings the rail to its exact place, and is held there secure while the spikes are being driven. Mr. Dewalt expects to sell the patent.

—Incendiaries burned the Pennsylvania station and freight house at Clermont Friday morning and also made an attempt to destroy the Hotel Bayer by fire. Three freight cars in the yard, one of which was loaded with merchandise, were also burned. Kerosene oil was used by the incendiaries and quantities of it were found scattered about the rear of the hotel and along the tracks where the freight cars were standing. There is no clue as to the identity of the perpetrators.—Bradford Era.

—An unknown and peculiar disease has broken out among the horses in certain parts of the country, says the Kane Republican, and the veterinarians are at a loss how to treat them or what is the cause of the affliction. The disease, if it might be so termed, resembles a very severe attack of the heaves, with a loud rattle in the throat. The animal is prostrated and might as well be dead as it is useless to the owner. The state veterinarian is unable to offer relief and owners of afflicted animals are greatly worried.

—The board of trade is in communication with a rubber tire manufacturing company in the east in regard to securing a site for a plant to be located in this city. The company's representative writes that it wishes a one-story brick building 100x150 feet, with additional ground, so that it may increase the size of the building if need be to three times as large. The plant will employ 100 men. The company says if these requirements are filled it will sign a 10-year lease. The board of trade will consider this matter at the next meeting, which will be held next Wednesday evening.—Bradford Star.

If the parties who have been taking things from my back yard, among other things a 14-foot ladder, will return them they will save themselves trouble.

J. C. BROWN.

Royal fruit jars and can rubbers at Holmes & Gilfillan.

Personal Mention.

M. O'Reilly visited Bradford Wednesday.

H. S. Rubin visited Port Allegany on Sunday.

Ross Colegrove visited in Colegrove Monday.

Thos. J. Cole was a visitor in Buffalo this week.

Miss Eva Hopper is visiting friends in Canisteo, N. Y.

Oswald Todd of Port Allegany was in town Tuesday.

Miss Ruth Holmes visited Bradford friends this week.

D. M. Brasted was over to Bradford on business Tuesday.

Dr. John Tretton left for his home in Rochester, N. Y., Wednesday.

G. W. King left Tuesday for a few weeks' visit at Holly Beach, N. J.

Hon. T. F. Richmond was transacting business in Bradford Tuesday.

Miss Ida Rubin and Miss Irene Harrison visited Bradford friends Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Finney of Bradford are visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wells.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Ryden and children returned Monday evening from a visit in Olean.

Mrs. Doctor McFall of Eldred is visiting her mother, Mrs. T. W. Sweeney.

Mrs. Margaret Hart and children of Buffalo are visiting at the home of F. A. McCoy.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Comes and children departed Tuesday for a sojourn at Chautauqua.

Mrs. Barker of Whitehall, N. Y. is in Smethport the guest of Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Barker.

Mrs. Lawrence Hopper and daughters, Hazel and Alberta, left Tuesday for a visit in Belmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Mitchell and daughter, Miss Lucy, are visiting in Jamestown, N. Y.

Miss Bessie King returned to her home in Port Allegany Sunday after a few days' visit in town.

Will Baker of the Democrat force returned from a four weeks' pleasure trip in New York State.

Miss Josephine Monroe went to Mt. Jewett Saturday evening and passed Sunday with friends.

Miss Amanda Anderson returned Saturday from an extended visit in Olean and Jamestown, N. Y.

Attorney C. F. Haughney had business in town Saturday and was a pleasant caller at this office.

Mr. and Mrs. David R. Morris of San Francisco, Cal., are visiting Mr. Morris' mother, Mrs. F. J. Vickery.

Herbert Yerdon and Sidney Burdick left Tuesday for a several weeks' visit in Jamestown and Chautauqua.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. P. Clothier, Jr. of Buffalo visited at the home of Mrs. J. W. Brennan the first of the week.

Mrs. George Lunckes, who has been visiting Mrs. S. P. Burton, returned to her home in Harrison Valley to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Miller of Joppa, Ill., who were visiting in town, left last Friday for a weeks' visit in New York City.

Miss Mary Swift of Bradford, who has been the guest of Miss Nellie Gill for the past few days, has returned home.

Warley Gifford and W. F. Specht attended a meeting of the stockholders of the Tuna Glass company in Bradford Tuesday.

Webb Hopper, who has been employed in Belmont, N. Y., has returned to this place and accepted a position on the MINER force.

O. M. Colegrove and family, T. H. Purtle and family and A. W. Colegrove left Tuesday for Potter county where they are camping.

A. J. Dolan and Miss Mary Smith drove over from Kane Sunday and were guests at the residence of George Gerritt on King street.

Ralph Simpkins and son, Roy, of Hazelhurst were in Smethport Tuesday while on their way to Bridgeton, N. J., to visit Mr. Simpkins' parents.

Misses Harriet and Elizabeth Selover, who have been guests of Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin for the past few weeks, have returned to their home in Auburn, N. Y.

Orlo J. Hamlin, Paul D. Hamlin, Horace H. Redfield, E. T. Newman and Chaffeur Mosser left this morning in Mr. Newman's White steamer for Atlantic City where they will spend about ten days.

Mrs. George Gerritt and daughter, Miss Belva, left to-day for an extended visit in Binghamton, N. Y., and other points. They were accompanied by Miss Mary Smith and Master Francis McIntyre of Kane.

Leon Hogarth of Smethport was visiting Coudersport friends the first of the week. Hogarth was a former resident, being of the firm of Hogarth & Joerg something like twelve years ago. At present he is conducting the leading drug store at the McKean county hub, where he enjoys most liberal patronage. His many Coudersport friends were pleased to meet him again—Coudersport Democrat.

For falling hair, premature grayness, Parisian massage, pimply skin and crooked nails see the Beauty Specialist, Room, No. 7, Wright House.

When preparing for your vacation go to Charles Leumler for a trunk or traveling bag. His stock is complete and the quality is of the best.

Subscribe for the MINER.

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c — BARKER COLLARS 2 for 25c

FRY & COMES.

DRY GOODS CARPETS MEN'S FURNISHINGS

About Collars and Cuffs.

Here's good news for folks who wear laundried white collars—and that means most of us. We have secured the exclusive agency of the "Barker Brand" GUARANTEED ALL LINEN collars and cuffs for men, women and little folks.

We emphasize the phrase "Guaranteed All Linen." We want you to notice it. It's the distinction that makes the "Barker Brand" the best money's worth in collars.

All twenty-five cent collars are linen; almost all of the two for a quarter ones are cotton. Of course you know why they are made of cotton—it's vastly cheaper that's all, and the manufacturer who uses the cotton gets just as much for his collar as the man who puts in the more expensive linen. The new collars look so much alike that it takes an expert to tell them apart. No expert is needed to point out the difference after they have been worn and laundried. Now after this when you pay fifteen cents for a collar demand linen—see that it's stamped "Guaranteed All Linen" and get your money's worth.

ALL STYLES 2 for 25c

"Arrow Brand" Collars to close out at 10c. They're cotton so out they go.

FRY & COMES.

COLD FACTS FOR WARM WEATHER.

Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator

Owing to an overstock and the lateness of the season and trusting to make room for fall goods we will sell these celebrated Refrigerators at greatly reduced prices. Come in and see them. A descriptive book for the asking.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

Graduation Presents and Wedding Gifts

will be our specialty for the next two months. Several large weddings in Bradford and we will have the largest and finest stock ever shown.

SPECIAL PRICES ON DIAMONDS FOR JUNE.

SPECIAL PRICES ON WATCHES FOR JUNE.

7 MAIN STREET **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

Bell Phone 473.

H. C. WELLS

THE LEADING PHARMACIST

SMETHPORT, - PA.

THORNTON & CHESTER BEST 198 ROLLER FLOUR National Mills BUFFALO, N.Y.

THORNTON & CHESTER

FLOURS

Make the Bread That Tastes Best

USE IT ONCE AND YOU WILL WANT TO AGAIN.

T. & C. Best, $1.75 sk. Pure Gold $1.70 sk.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

HE CALLED ROSELLAN

By JOANNA SINGLE

Copyright, 1905, by T. C. McClure.

Rosellan's father stormed in the time honored fashion, her mother soothed her a little and tried to soften the situation, but she agreed with her husband that their one fair and cherished daughter should not become the wife of John Barry. The girl herself, flushed and lovely, declared that she would marry him, that she loved him and that her life would be ruined without him.

"But, my dear daughter," said her father, "John is just out of college, and he has studied too much—run all to one sort of brains, and he's not fit to battle with the real world. And, besides, he is your cousin."

"Four times removed," remarked the girl quietly.

"But still your cousin," continued the vigorous old gentleman, who hated the thought of giving up his daughter to any man, but had decided that she must some time marry, and that the man must be Gilbert Crane. "And we all know that John has nothing in particular and that you have always had everything you want."

"I don't want anything but John. He has himself, his ability," she put in proudly. "We have cared for each other always."

"Oh, the ability to write a decent article or even a popular novel. What does scribbling amount to? He has nothing till that old great-aunt of his dies." The father looked coolly at the daughter, so like him in feature and spirit, though what he counted dranness in himself seemed rank obstinacy in her.

"Father," the girl protested, "I would listen to you if you had advanced one valid reason for separating us. He is not cousin enough to make one grain of difference, and the fact that he is not well is only another reason why I should go to California with him till he is rested and can begin work on his book." The old man drew the girl to his knee, and the mother wiped her eyes.

"Look here, child, we have a reason. We have had a talk with John and his mother, and Dr. Simpson. The plain truth is that he has symptoms of consumption. You know what that may mean"— Rosellan clutched his arm.

"It is not true! He would have told me first of all! He is only tired out. I will send for him and see, and if it were true I should take care of him."

"You don't know what you are saying. Even if we had so little sense, do you suppose John himself would expose you to even a possible danger like that? He said last night"—

"I had a right to be there! And he never let me know!"

"Wait, dear," said her mother. "We love you too well to— John knows his duty. His going to California"—

Rosellan sprang up and faced them.

"I shall go, too," she declared.

"Dearie," her mother spoke, "he left you this letter. He"—

"Left me a letter! Why, where is he?"

"He went to California this morning. It was for the best"—

"Without telling me or saying good by? You must have made him do this! But no, you couldn't do that! It is his own fault. It means that he—doesn't care as he said he did." She stood looking at them.

"Rosellan," pleaded her mother, "he did the right thing." But the girl took John's letter from her father's hand and left the room.

"Well," old Roger Howard said to his wife, "it's hard on her at first, and John certainly did the square thing, but she's young and the separation may turn her heart toward Gilbert, as we have always planned."

And Rosellan, in her own room, was reading her lover's letter:

Rosellan, dearest, you know I love you. That is why I am leaving you this way. I think I could not bear to say goodby. It would be cruel to us both. Privately, I myself cannot think that I am anything worse than run down from mental overwork and neglect of physical exercise, but all our relatives and Dr. Simpson seem to see a danger to the very shadow of which I will not expose you.

So I am off to my Aunt Eunice. It would be brutally unfair to hold your heart to a pledge I may never be able honorably to redeem. Therefore, dearest, I set you free. Try to be happy and forget. I have promised your father not to write. It seems best, though you know it breaks my heart. You know, too, that I would let no obstacle but this come between us. I wish it was decent to ask you to wait till I find whether I may not yet be in shape to make a home for you, but it is not.

It is hard not to kiss you goodby, and I never loved you as I do now in giving you up. Yours always,

JOHN BARRY.

But all Rosellan said to herself was: "He does not love me or he could not leave me."

That one wakeful night that followed seemed to change Rosellan utterly. She forbade her parents to mention John's name and seemed suddenly to have grown from girl to woman. She accepted invitations everywhere, and was welcomed as an acquisition at social functions, but beneath the blossoming brilliance lay an undoubted hardness. She hated it all. Gilbert Crane she ignored so absolutely that sheer self respect obliged him to withdraw his wooing. Even her father saw there was no hope for his cherished plan. But this was not the worst.

Three or four months after John's departure Rosellan began a marked flirtation with Steve Golden, a wealthy, dissipated man of forty. He was evidently infatuated with the girl, and she let him follow her about till her father remonstrated.

"Father, you put your hand on my affairs once. I warn you not to do it again." And somehow he dared not.

Rosellan kept even her mother at a distance and was in a continual whirl of parties and dances, the gayest of the gay, and Golden, confident and dashing, was always in her wake. He had bought and was refurnishing one of the handsomest houses in town, which further alarmed her parents.

One January afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Howard returned from an afternoon function to find their daughter standing in the hall in her traveling suit.

"What is it?" they both asked in the same breath. She handed them a telegram:

Los Angeles, Cal.

Miss Rosellan Howard, Des Moines, Ia.:

Doctors have given me up. If you want to see me, come. JOHN BARRY.

"You need not say anything," she announced, though neither of them had spoken, "and if you want to help me, mother, will you see that a few of my things are packed? I shall start this evening."

The train seemed to crawl; minutes seemed hours and hours days. Plain or mountain, stream or lake, the landscape seemed dull and dreary. The girl lived years on the trip, and as she read and reread John's farewell letter, which she had kept, her resentment and distrust died away, her girlish faith in him returned, and she saw only the real love and the self abnegating honor of the man.

As the train pulled into Los Angeles she remembered suddenly that she did not know his aunt's street address. How would she find him? Would she be too late? Dazed and weary, she emerged from the car into the brilliant California sunshine and stepped down, half blinded, into a crowd of strangers—and John Barry's arms. He was brown, vigorous and smiling. Quite unabashed, he kissed her, and they seemed suddenly to be all alone.

"What does it mean?" she gasped. He laughed.

"The doctors have given me up—discharged me—cured, of what I never had, and I wanted you—I"—

"You might have written and not—but frightened me so." She choked back the tears. "You knew I cared or I wouldn't have come."

"I know, sweetheart. We will have a wedding this afternoon. I had to telegraph for fear you would have one without me." She frowned and looked at him in astonishment.

"I didn't want Golden to get you," he explained.

"Did you think he ever would?" she asked indignantly. "I simply wanted to bring father to his senses."

"Well," John answered slowly, "you succeeded." Just look at this." He handed her a crumpled telegram:

Des Moines, Ia.,

John Barry, Los Angeles, Cal.:

If you want to marry Rosellan for heaven's sake do it before Steve Golden does.

They both laughed.

"You see," he said, "if I had started to go to you, you might have taken him before I reached you, so I called you across the continent and Aunt Eunice has divided up with me. She says she would like to be worth at least half as much to me alive as she would be dead, so we can live here."

Rosellan considered.

"John," she said softly, "I haven't a white dress to my name."

New England Justice.

Ebenezer Snell, the grandfather of the poet William Cullen Bryant, is described as a good type of the New England farmer, in whose nature Puritanism, with its stern rigors of conduct and conscience, was overlaid with many of the amenities of Yankee humor. Bryant preserved several anecdotes of his grandfather, one of which, quoted by Mr. W. A. Bradley in his biography of the poet, may serve to indicate the way in which he exercised his humor, and also to show the patriarchal conception of justice that was held in a remote New England community at the end of the eighteenth century.

My grandfather, said Bryant, once found that certain pieces of lumber intended by him for the runners of a sled and called in that part of the country sled crooks had been taken without leave by a farmer who lived at no great distance. These timbers were valuable, being made from a tree the grain of which was curved so as to correspond with the curve required in the runners.

The delinquent received notice that his offense was known and that if he wished to escape a prosecution he must carry a bushel of rye to each of three poor widows living in the neighborhood and tell them why he brought it.

He was only too glad to comply with this condition.

The Japanese Jury.

In the Teiyei era (along about the middle of the thirteenth century) a Japanese statesman brought the laws in touch with the people by establishing a council of state, with twelve judges, the same as our jury. Before these twelve all litigation was brought for investigation and decision. The plaintiff and defendant had their spokesmen, who argued and defended the case, and afterward the twelve retired into a closed chamber, where the following oath was administered:

During the deliberation of a case, and the decision afterward between right and wrong, neither family connection nor sympathy with, nor antipathy against, the party shall influence. Fear not a powerful family or favor not a friend, but speak in accordance with the dictates of truth. Should there be a case decided wrong and redress refused to a man we shall be punished by all the gods and goddesses of the realm. Thus we swear, and affix our signatures.

INSURANCE.
Life Fire and Accident
written by
W F SPECHT
SMETHPORT, Pa.
A good reliable company.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

My Lord and His Daughter

By CONSTANCE TYLER

Copyright, 1905, by T. C. McClure.

Mr. Thomas Hope of Chelmsford was not only the proprietor of Hope's bank, the owner of three or four factories and the recognized business head of the town, but he was president of three or four societies and charities and of high standing as a church member. Whatever Mr. Thomas Hope said or did was always the correct thing. He and his wife could have existed without Chelmsford, but had they departed for other climes that town would have died—socially.

It happened that Mr. Hope had to make a trip to Paris in financial interests. He spoke to no one on his way over. Several strangers dropped remarks to which he could have replied consistently, but he held himself aloof with true British reserve. When British reserve has money behind it, it is a stone wall. Mr. Hope might have replied to an earl or a lord had such a personage addressed him and had he been certain that there was no imposition. The banker shuddered as he looked over the common travelers.

Mr. Hope was not impressed with Paris. He had been there before. It was his duty to impress Paris instead, and when he departed, after a stay of three or four days, he felt sure that he had done so and was very complacent over it. This self complacency served to a certain extent to thaw out his reserve. That is, he deigned to show himself among his fellow passengers on the boat instead of locking himself up in his stateroom, but at the same time he let it be seen that his dignity was not to be trifled with.

Suddenly something happened to the great man. A good looking young woman approached him and, addressing him as "My lord," asked the privilege of speech. Never before in his life had he been addressed by a young woman—a strange young woman. His dignity would have received a fatal shock had she not used the prefix. His flattered vanity offset the shock. His wife had several times averred that he looked like an earl, and now here was living proof that she was right. He put up his eyeglass and gave the young woman a critical glance and indicated by a cold bow that she might proceed.

She had a story to tell. She was an English governess who had passed the last three years in a Parisian family. As she had great property expectations the family wanted her to marry one of the sons. Because she would not—because she had said that as an English girl she would not marry an enemy of her country—she had been charged with purloining certain articles of jewelry and driven from the house. The incensed family might even seek her arrest.

It was a pathetic story, with many embellishments, and Mr. Hope's heart was touched—his British heart. It wasn't touched because the young woman was "good looking, but because she had continually addressed him as "My lord" and had appealed to him as the British lion itself. She wanted his protection while landing. That French family might have set the minions of law at work and she might be arrested and haled back to Paris and thrust into a dungeon for years without trial. Under the protection of "My lord," what officer of the law would dare look twice at her? If they looked many times it would mean war between the two countries.

Thomas Hope listened, was flattered, and his iron bound dignity became as putty. For the first time in twenty years he had some human feeling about him. He came out of his shell and discovered that there were joints in his backbone. Had that young woman made the mistake of appealing to him as "Mr." or even as "Viscount" her petition would have been ignored, but that little trick of "My lord" worked like a miracle. She should land under his protection, and if interfered with grim war and all its horrors would burst on the country within two hours. Thanking him over and over again and with tears in her eyes as she repeated her thanks, the young woman returned to her stateroom and made some trifling changes in her attire. Shortly afterward the boat reached its dock on the English side of the channel.

Mr. Hope was ready to rise to the occasion, and the girl walked ashore leaning on his arm. He had a cane in the other hand, his monocle in his eye, and he walked erect. He was the British empire!

While the baggage was being inspected there was a delay—that is, others were delayed. As for Mr. Hope and the young woman hanging on his arm, they walked up to a customs inspector. A card was produced and thrust into his hand, along with a Bank of England note, and there was no inspection of the woman's four trunks. It never occurred to "My lord" that a girl flying from enemies would hardly have four great trunks along with her. He saw them loaded into a van which was suspiciously convenient and was about to hand his protegee into a cab and resume his interrupted dignity when they were approached by a common looking British subject with what looked like a warrant in his hand.

"Excuse me, please"— he had begun when Mr. Hope interrupted him with:

"Sir, are you addressing me?"

"Y-yes, sir. I have here a warrant for the arrest of"—

"A warrant, sir?"

"Yes, sir. A warrant for"—

"What have I to do with you and your warrants, sir?" thundered Mr. Hope.

"But I"—

"That is enough, sir! There is my card. I will communicate with the government at once regarding this outrage. I will see why the British citizens must submit to such humiliation while traveling about in a peaceful manner."

"But may I ask, sir"— persisted the officer as he nodded his head toward the young woman.

"You may, sir," replied Mr. Hope, rising to the occasion. "This young lady is my daughter, sir!"

"Then I beg a thousand pardons—a thousand pardons, sir," said the abashed officer.

The cab drove off. Mr. Hope raised his hat in answer to the smile and the "God bless you," and he never, never again saw the distressed English governess, who had been obliged to flee from the enemies of her country. He resumed his dignity and boarded a train for home, and to make up for having temporarily thawed out he greeted Mrs. Hope with a grunt as he arrived.

Three days later a man who would not be denied had an interview with him in his private sanctum at the bank. The great Mr. Hope met him with a glare and a frown and began to read him a lesson on his impudence in interrupting business men when they were engaged in financering the government of Great Britain. But at the end of a very brief quarter of an hour the banker was a much humbled man. He learned that he had assisted a noted character to escape with four trunks full of plunder from a daring Paris robbery and that he had lied to a—r. Not only did the breath of scandal menace his name, but the law was after him in several directions. Even being Mr. Hope of Chelmsford would not save him.

Mr. Hope had to go up to London, accompanied by his solicitors. He had to tell his story to police officials and others and submit to criticism. He had to advertise a reward for the capture of the young woman, and he had to sign statements and affidavits until he was tired of them. Being the great Mr. Hope he managed to get his neck out of the noose after much bother, but the authorities did not succeed in arresting his "daughter."

Answering the Emperor.

The following story of Kaiser William II. and one of his generals is told by a biographer of the German emperor:

At a review in Berlin the kaiser impatiently reprimanded old General von Moerschelm for losing his wits at a critical moment.

"If your majesty thinks I am getting too old, I beg of you to allow me to resign."

"No, no," replied the emperor. "You are too young to resign. Indeed, if your blood didn't course through your veins quite so fast you would be a more useful army leader."

On the evening of that day the kaiser and the general met at a court ball. The general was talking to some young ladies.

"Ah, Moerschelm," cried the emperor, "that is right. Get ready to marry. Take a young wife. Then that excitable temperament of yours will soon vanish."

The general bowed low as he retorted:

"I beg to be excused, your majesty. A young emperor and a young wife would be more than I could possibly stand."

Why the Bears Fought.

C. M. Russell, the western painter, tells an amusing story of a bear fight which he thinks is funnier than any humorous sketch he has ever seen portrayed on a vaudeville stage. He had been out with a guide all day, and toward evening they saw far down the road two bears sauntering along quite oblivious of the presence of human beings, as the wind was in the wrong direction. Russell and his guide quickly jumped behind a small thicket, and when the bears were within shooting distance the painter let fly and struck one of them fair in the side. The shot stunned the animal for a moment, and he was under the impression that his mate had struck him a terrific blow when he was not looking. As there appeared to be no reason for this chastisement, he proceeded to retaliate by attacking the other bear. About this time the guide took a shot at the assaulted animal, with the result that the brute was infuriated and imagined he had been struck with undue force by his comrade. Upon this the two bears set to and had a terrific fight.—Success Magazine.

A Close Bargain.

The reputation held by Mr. Cobb of Canby for making the closest bargains of any man in the region was sustained during the summer by his dealings with several of his neighbors from the city.

"Mr. Cobb," said one of these neighbors whose orchard was in need of pruning, "the man says he must have a longer ladder than mine, for when he's finished the orchard I want him to trim that scraggly elm just this side of the apple trees. Have you a ladder I could hire?"

"Um-m, well, I s'pose I hev," said Mr. Cobb grudgingly as he turned his man face half away from his visitor's gaze. "I've got one, but it's kind of loose jinted toward the top. I'm not gal'latin' to put any repairs on to it, for I don't ever go clear to the top myself. I'm willin' to let ye take it, but I shall her to charge ye thutty cents, I guess, on account of the resk of your man's breakin' through the top rungs, he bein' so much heftier anyway than I am, and along of not intendin' to have it hired out, as a rule."

THE MINER and
Tri-Weekly Tribune
one year for
$1.75 IN ADVANCE.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say: "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c. and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—J. K. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. E. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Churie, Smethport.
Treasurer—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. B. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; E. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—E. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles Nash.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Lena Ryan Secretary; Alfred Hagburg, Jas. McKean, A. A. Abbey, F. F. Rooney, James Herdman, J. G. Cunningham.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, H. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; J. N. Apple, treas.; Sheridan Gorton, sec'y; W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Chester, A. B. Kidder.
Judge of Election—C. H. Orris.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, F. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

GUY B. MAYO, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. EASTMAN, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 147, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2:30 in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHURTE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. H. RUDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 28, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 34, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Church.

Miss JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
Mrs. MARY C. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 35, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

Miss MAY CHOATE, W. M.
Miss ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. R. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Church Directory.

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 2 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport. Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 14:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 3:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania
RAILROAD
BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.
Time Table—Taking effect May 28, 1904.
TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.
For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:
Train 123, week days— 10:10 a. m.
For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points; Olean, Buffalo and points north.
Train 125, week days 4:04 p. m.
PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.
TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.
8:20 a. m.—Train 12, Sundays, for Sunbury and Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Ottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:25 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.
12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily, for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p. m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.
3:25 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 7:18 a. m., Baltimore 3:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.
10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 a. m., New York 9:25

a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:20 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:17 a. m., New York 9:32 a. m. week days (9:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:2 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

4:20 p. m.—Train 85, daily, for Erie and intermediate stations.

Johnsonburg R. R.

Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A. M.		A. M.
8:20	Ridgway	11:50
8:40	Johnsonburg	11:30
8:55	Glen Hazel	11:15
9:07	Straight	11:03
9:12	Instanter	10:58
9:20	Spring Run	10:52
9:29	Woodvale	10:43
9:35	Clermont	10:40
P. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m., and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 11:55 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points.

W. W. ATTERBURY, J. R. WOOD,
General Manager, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD,
Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect April 3rd, 1905, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Keating Run daily except Sunday at 7:40 a. m., 12:00 m., 5:40 p. m.

	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Arrive Bradford	9:20	2:15	8:15
Mt. Jewett	8:45	1:30	6:45
Kane	8:25	1:05	6:25
Leave Bradford	7:00	10:15	4:20
Kane	7:40	10:45	4:55
Mt. Jewett	7:34	11:20	5:08
	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.

Arriving at Smethport at 8:30 a. m., 1:35 p. m. and 6:30 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B. R. & P. Ry and Penna. Div. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. B. SMITH, R. S. BLAIR,
Gen'l Supt. Gen. Pass. Agt.
Bradford.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

In effect Jan. 15, 1906

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:30 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Bradford (arr. 9:25 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:30 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:05 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.

9:07 a. m.—for Eldred (arr. 9:30 a. m.); Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:35 p. m.).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:30 p. m.) St. Marys (arr. 1:45 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 4:22 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 4:45 p. m.).

2:30 p. m.—for Eldred (arr. 2:50 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:28 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 3:38 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:22 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 5:55 p. m.). Wayland (arr. 7:05 p. m.) connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

Trains arrive:—8:30—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane. 2:20 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont. 12:05 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean 2:30 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

A. M. LANE, C. J. RENWICK
General Supt. Gen. Pass. Agt.
St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY
Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 26, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	Lv. Westward.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar	De	P.M.	A.M.
8:05	7:05	2:10	Ulysses	7:20	2:25	9:15
7:50	6:55	2:10	Crowell	7:37	2:32	9:10
7:46	0	1:57	Carpenter	0	2:34	0
7:40	6:48	1:53	Perkins	7:32	2:37	9:20
7:37	6:45	1:50	New'ld June	7:37	2:42	9:35
0	0	1:45	Newfield	7:41	2:48	0
7:05	6:36	1:41	Gold	7:44	2:49	9:50
7:00	6:30	1:35	Raymond	7:49	2:45	9:47
6:45	6:21	1:24	Seven Bdg's	8:01	3:06	10:02
6:40	6:17	1:20	Colesburg	8:04	3:09	10:10
6:25	6:10	1:12	Frinks	8:12	3:17	10:20
6:15	0	1:05	N. Coudsp't	0	3:26	10:35
6:10	6:00	1:00	Dp. Ar.	8:25	3:30	10:45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.		P.M.	
4:20	7:45	12:15	Ar. Dp.	8:28	6:00	1:25
0	0	12:13	Hammond	0	0	0
4:05	7:38	12:00	Olmsted	8:33	6:05	1:32
3:59	7:35	12:05	Mina	8:37	6:10	1:37
3:45	0	11:59	Knowlton	0	6:17	0
3:40	7:25	11:55	Roulette	8:47	6:21	1:51
3:30	7:16	11:47	Burtville	8:54	6:28	2:01
3:23	0	11:41	Coleman	0	6:34	0
3:20	0	0	Chem. Wks	0	0	0
3:15	7:05	11:36	Pt. Allegany	9:08	6:40	2:25
P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	Dp. Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

—0—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. MCCLURE, Supt.

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Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

SENATORIAL CHARITY

By JAMES HAY, Jr.

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The senator, who had been disposed at first to receive his caller with as scant politeness as the dictates of politics allowed, displayed a singular graciousness of manner. The visitor was a girl, with hair like burnished bronze and eyes whose soft, brown look took in some lights the hue of old amber. She was dressed in lavender, with what the senator thought a profusion of fluffy lace across her bosom, and her little foot obtruded itself on the senatorial consciousness from beneath a mass of more fluffiness and flounces. Besides, the senator had had a surfeit of dry political talk and committee meetings that day.

"You see, I don't ask anything for myself, even if my father and brothers do work for you at the primaries. It's just for Jack." She spoke in low tones, betraying a girlish awe of the important man.

"And who is Jack?"

The member of the upper house brushed aside a pile of letters that awaited his signature and gave the girl his attention, a compliment he did not extend to all who sought his help.

"He and I are engaged to be married," she said, and the announcement, or the frank blushes accompanying it, charmed the big man. "We will be married as soon as he can get a position, and I know you can arrange it."

"But what does he want, and why doesn't he come himself?"

The legislator represented a southern state, where women are put on a pedestal above the "business" of life, and he was genuinely puzzled.

"He was discharged for drinking too much," she admitted simply, a little hesitant, her lips twitching the slightest bit. The glow from the open grate looked blurred and indistinct to her troubled gaze.

"I see," said the senator.

She did not know how near she had come to his heart by her explanation. His thoughts went back to his son, whose dissipation was the one dark

"JACK" CRIED THE GIRL.

spot on his father's long career of political and private happiness. Maybe it was a sympathy bred of experience that softened his heart to her, and perhaps this was strengthened by the droop of her young head before him, a ray of the afternoon sunlight on her hair emphasizing its delicate fairness.

"But he has promised never to do it again," she explained, entirely argumentative, and fully trusting the promise.

The senator looked at her solemnly, placing the tips of his fingers together with mathematical precision, as if to help out his thought. There was in his big, clear eyes much of sadness and a tolerant skepticism.

"Such a promise," he smiled slightly, "is by no means a certified check, but I think I can help him."

He spoke this just in slow, gentle tones.

She sprang to her feet, intending to take his hand while she told him her gratitude.

"But wait." He checked her quickly, and again the finger tips were mathematically adjusted. "He cannot have another position in the government departments. I shall get him a place where he will have a chance to rise and make a record for himself. These departments take it out of a man so. I know, because I have had others there—others whom I wanted to see do great things." The senator sighed regretfully. "He can go to work for the P. and O.," he concluded.

"But is that a good place?" she asked, doubting the new proposition.

"It will make a man of him, and that is what we want, isn't it?"

The senator passed his hand a trifle wearily across his brow and smiled sadly at the young face before him.

"And he will have lots of chances to rise and get—money?"

"Most assuredly." And he smiled again, this time at the parted lips of the girl and her eyes big with question and speculation.

"And he can do all this soon, very soon?"

"Yes."

"And he can have it right away?"

"Tomorrow." The senator somehow thought he was doing more good in the bestowal of that place than was possible in the forming of the highest legislation.

"Oh, it's grand," she cried, converted to the merits of the plan. "Just grand." She clapped her hands together for sheer pleasure, like a child.

"The funny part of it is," she confided, "that Jack said he was coming to the capitol to see his friends at the place, and how I've done it better than he could." She paused doubtfully. "He said he was afraid to come to you because you hated a man who drank, but I knew you could fix it for us."

"My dear child," laughed the senator, "the worst thing in Washington is to be considered a good manipulator of federal patronage. But you haven't given me the young man's full name. I'll have to let him take a letter from me to Johns."

"It's funny," she began, "that it is the same"—

They looked around to the door, which had been thrown open by a young man. Surprised to find any one with the senator, he stood still for a minute, his hand upon the knob of the half closed door. He was tall and imposing in his bearing, looking more than handsome.

"John," said the senator.

"Jack," cried the girl, her high voice drowning the sound of the senator's greeting.

He at the door, kept silence, a dull red mounting slowly to his cheeks and forehead.

"Come in," suggested the senator coldly.

"This is Jack," explained the girl, glad to introduce him to his benefactor and disregarding the cool reception accorded him.

The senator held out his hand.

"Jack who?" he laughed, a trifle stiffly.

"Oh," she laughed in return, "Jack Stanley. I had forgotten to tell you his name all this time."

Mr. Stanley and the senator shook hands coolly, and there ensued a repetition of the outline of the new plan, which was interpointed with the enthusiastic exclamations and questions of the girl.

"And," she said at the close of the interview, "how can I ever thank you?"

"You can't," said the senator, pronouncing the words with the mellow accent of the south and making it a compliment to the girl. "I am entirely in your debt."

When the couple had left the office he called his private secretary, who from the nature of things political, knew all his affairs, private and public.

"Lorry," said the senator, "when you have been doing things for other people and find out that, after all, you've been helping your own son, you owe somebody something."

Lorry, being of a secretive nature, assented in silence.

"And this time," concluded the senator, "it will have to be a wedding present. Write out a check for"—

And the rest was merely a business transaction.

Not In Her Class.

The eagles were holding a convention—or it might have been merely a reunion—on the rocky crest of a lofty hill.

Proud regal birds they were, piercing of eye, sharp of beak and strong of claw, and all the timid creatures of the air retreated to a safe distance and watched them with awe.

Presently, however, a wandering turkey buzzard, attracted by curiosity, ventured to join them.

They eyed her scornfully, even threateningly.

"What are you doing here?" they said. "This is a gathering of eagles. You are a vulture and are not in our class."

"You are right," replied the turkey buzzard. "I am of some use in the world, while you are thieves, robbers and murderers and not worth a continental except for show. Goodby, and be hanged to you!"

Thereupon she turned her back upon them and flew away.

Which shows, dear children, that there are two kinds of aristocracy and that a lofty style isn't everything.—Chicago Tribune.

Tommy's Cruel Joke.

The other evening Miss Passee stayed to dinner, and Tommy as a great favor was allowed to have dinner with the company. Growing restless at dessert, he was sent out of the room, but in a few seconds he returned with a little Dresden clock from the sitting room mantelpiece. "Gracious, child!" exclaimed the mother. "What mischief are you up to now?" "Goin' to try a speriment," replied Tommy, with importance. Miss Passee tittered. "The dear little fellow is going to make an experiment," she gushed. "How clever of him!" While Miss Passee was speaking Tommy had carefully placed the clock on the table in front of her. With a mysterious gesture he laid his finger on his lips and enjoined silence. No one stirred. After about two minutes Tommy's strained expression relaxed, and he clapped his hands in exultation. "It goes!" he cried triumphantly. "It goes! You were wrong, papa." "Of course it goes, child," laughed Miss Passee. "What made your father think it wouldn't?" "Well," replied the little fellow simply, "he said your face would stop a clock."—London Tatler.

Speaking of Trousers.

"I have a great mind to get married after all," said the old bachelor. "It is so nice to have a woman to look after your clothes."

"Yes," replied the benedict, "but if they would only take as much interest in the creases as they do in the pockets it would be much better."—Chicago News.

WE SHOULD READ POETRY.

The Need to Keep Alive Faith in Spiritual Literature.

And, as is encouraged by our civilization more than the sense of beauty. It is a scant life age, and we are all in danger to some extent of that atrophy of the imagination of which Darwin is the most famous case. Poetry is a life, a live, a branch which appeals primarily to the imagination and helps to keep it alive, as exercise helps to preserve the body. As we do not produce much poetry or other imaginative art we are thrown back upon the past and this increases the necessity of education in poetry, for forms of expression which are not contemporary are seldom entirely appreciated without training. Often people of the best natural taste are less open to certain beauties than others less naturally appreciative, but with more mental and aesthetic exercise in youth. The most sincere minds reject most emphatically any pretense of caring for what they really do not enjoy. Thus among the truest natures of our acquaintance one sees nothing in early painting, another in poetry and a third in the higher music, all from lack rather of training than of eye, ear or fancy. In the circumstances of our day it is more important in a child's education that he should be prepared to like and understand Spenser and Wordsworth, Milton, Dante and Sophocles than that he should be capable of quite a realistic mode of thinking on a scale in scientific information. Exact knowledge and logic in this age will take care of themselves, but it requires more care to keep alive that

Sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air
And the blue sky and in the mind of man

Whatever truths may be, it is larger than the little materialistic thoughts and observations that sometimes claim the title. There is more of it in a Beethoven symphony than in one of Herbert's Spencer's essays, and more in Macbeth's soliloquies than in fourteen weeks in natural science.—Collier's Weekly.

FIRE WORSHIP.

Reminiscences of It Are Still to Be Found in Scotland.

Reminiscences of the pre-Christian days of fire worship and fire worship are still to be found occasionally in Scotland. A few years ago a traveler wrote: "On the last day of the year, old style, which falls on Jan. 12, the festival of the clavie takes place in Burghead, a fishing village near Forres. On a headland in that village still stands an old Roman altar, locally called the douro. On the evening of Jan. 12 a large tar barrel is set on fire and carried by one of the fishermen round the town, while the assembled folk shout and hallo. If the man who carries the barrel falls it is an evil omen. The pain with the lighted barrel, having gone with it round the town, carries it up to the top of the hill and places it on the douro.

"More fuel is immediately added. The sparks as they fly upward are supposed to be witches and evil spirits leaving the town. The people, therefore, shout at and curse them as they disappear in the air. When the burning barrel falls in pieces the fishermen rush in that endeavor to get a lighted bit of wood from its remains. With this light the fire on the cottage hearth is at once kindled, and it is considered lucky to keep this flame all the rest of the year. The charcoal of the clavie is collected and put in bits up the chimney to prevent the witches and evil spirits from entering the house.

"The douro (the Roman altar) is covered with a thick layer of tar from the fires that are lighted upon it annually. Close to the douro is a very ancient Roman well and close to the well several rude but curious Roman sculptures can be seen let into a garden wall."

French Art.

There must be more vitality in French art as a whole than you would guess from a visit to the salons. Nay, there is. I do not say that it is healthy anywhere. The great days are gone but still, out of doors—in posters, in illustrations for the journals, in bijouterie, in the ornamentation of shops, even in the pictures in railway terminal—there are still signs that the plastic arts have a vitality in France, more vitality than with us. It is often vulgar enough, but at least it is bold.—London Outlook.

Sea Birds.

Sea birds frequently spend weeks at sea and are believed to quench their thirst partly from the fat and oil which they devour ravenously when opportunity puts them in their way. The keen eyesight of birds is well known, and sea birds have been observed flocking toward the storm cloud about to burst from all points of the compass, and apparently drinking the water as it descends from the skies.

A Duty.

Jimson—It's very unpleasant to speak of this, but I feel that it is only a duty to myself to remind you that you owe me 35. Stimson (turning on his heel)—Don't mention it, old fellow. I'm glad you've discharged your duty so well.

Explained.

"Why does a woman always get off a car backward?"

"Because she's never quite sure she may not change her mind and want to get on again."—Life.

Work is a good thing. A great deal of the meanness of human nature must come out through the pores.—Dallas (Tex.) News.

When *the* Light Broke In

By Virginia Leila Wentz

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The rusty breasted robins were hopping about the lawn, and the crab apple trees were a splash of pink in the orchard beyond. The narrow beds that bordered the paths in Mrs. Ormsby's garden were gay with tulips and jonquils, and from the leafless branches of the wisteria vine hung delicate purplish clusters of blossoms. A flock of brown sparrows twittered in the cherry trees, a catbird was in the hedge over yonder, and already the wrens were building in the eaves of the summer house.

Somehow the smell of the sweet [illegible] air [illegible] to have awakened [illegible]ing Mrs. Ormsby's caller, a [illegible]ly, as she sat on a [illegible] chair under the fast silvering [illegible]es. It was 5 o'clock, and because the day was so perfect they were having tea served in the garden.

"But, Constance, if I do not love him how can I marry him?" the girl cried impulsively.

Mrs. Ormsby waited for her maid to deposit a plate of thin bread and butter, some cream, sliced lemons and sugar on the little rustic table before she answered.

"Do you remember, Clare, when we were at Miss Martin's school—dear me, it's eight years ago—an old soothsayer foretold that you'd marry a millionaire? Now, here's Mr. Stanley Hughes, who can give you horses, yachts, automobiles, and who, in the bargain, adores you. Why, to be sure, Clare, you must marry him. He's a good man, and love will come later."

The girl made no reply. She was looking dreamily at the robins and the pink orchard beyond, a mist in her lovely eyes.

"Of course," continued Mrs. Ormsby thoughtfully as she drew the tea, "I couldn't have married without love myself, but you see, my dear, Chester and I are so old fashioned anyhow."

At the mention of the man's name a quick wave of color surged over the girl's face and neck and brow. In the sunlight which came aslant from the west the gold of Mrs. Ormsby's wedding ring scintillated strangely. With a distinct effort Clare withdrew her gaze from it.

"No," she said, pulling herself together, "not lemon, Catherine. Cream, please."

"To know what love is is a miracle, though, after all," pursued Mrs. Ormsby softly as she poured the cream. "Why, I was just a silly girl before I met Chester. Then—life became glorified; it became real."

The catbird had flown to the cherry trees and had burst out into a passionate bubble of song. Clare's eyes suddenly brimmed with tears. Was it the bird's song or the spring's beauty or her friend's voice?

"Look here, dear," said her hostess impulsively, "I don't want to force your confidence, but I'm sure of one thing—there's been some heart affair in your life that's hurt deep and left you cynical. Tell me about it. Let's see if we can't straighten it out. Oh, Clare, pride is well enough—one can have a certain amount of it and be none the worse for it—but it's deadly to make a fuss of it."

"But there's such a thing as righteous pride," flashed Clare. She bent her head and adjusted the emerald fleur-de-lis at her dainty waist; then, rising, she held out both hands to Mrs. Ormsby and laughed. It was her habitual light, pretty laugh.

"I really have to go now, Catherine. You know I told you I could only stay a half hour. But first I want you to promise to forget that I came perilously near being sentimental and old fashioned, forget that I seemed a bit sad. Why, I'm quite happy, on the contrary! I'm going to marry Mr. Stanley Hughes. My wedding'll be a smart affair; my gown'll be a veritable dream, and my husband'll be one of the most desirable gentlemen of the season. Humph! Why shouldn't I be happy?"

"Don't go just yet!" pleaded Mrs. Ormsby, not heeding the badinage, but looking straight into the girl's eyes. "Chester's train is due now, and he'll be here any moment. I want you to meet him."

Suddenly, even with the words of her friend, an impulse took possession of Clare. She deliberately seated herself again.

"Catherine," she said whimsically, "my mood's changed. I'll stay, and I'll give you a little of my confidence, if you care. I did love some one once, but—he's married now. It was something like this: Imagine a girl who knew scarcely anything of the world of men or of the things men do be engaged to—to a man whose name spelled Paradise to her with a capital P. Imagine a friend of that man and of the girl passing a lot of his time with them both. Indeed, he chanced to be such a stanch friend to the girl that he refused to permit her to marry a man not worthy of her, though the man had been his bosom pal"— If that catbird would only stop singing! It made her want to cry.

"Well," continued Clare, "he proved certain things to the girl, and she wrote to the man she loved better than life and told him that really she did not care for him at all—that it had all been a mistake. It saved her pride, but it froze her heart, Catherine."

"Poor, dear Clare," answered Mrs. Ormsby, touching the lace on the girl's filmy sleeve in gentle, sympathetic fashion. "And the man—what did he say to the note?"

"Never answered it," contemptuously. "In fact, the girl never heard from him till she got his wedding cards. You see—why, don't, Catherine—not for me," as Mrs. Ormsby brushed a tear from her eye. "Was I talking like a tragedy queen??

The maid came down the garden walk bearing a salver with a card. At Mrs. Ormsby glanced at the pasteboard.

"Mrs. Brownsley, our neighbor across the road. How inconsiderate of her!" she exclaimed. "Wait for me here, will you, Clare? I must see her just for a moment or two."

From around the veranda, down the path that led by the tulip and jonquil beds, came the sound of a man's approaching footsteps.

"Beg pardon," he said, politely retreating as he became aware of the unfamiliar figure, but as the girl turned her face upon him—

"Clare—you! How did you come here?"

For a second Clare gauged him silently. Then, although the sound of his old, dear voice came near undoing her, she answered coldly enough:

"Not so strange as you'd think! Catherine and I went to school together. I'm visiting the Hayes, your neighbors down the road, so I made a point of coming to see her before I left. That's all, except that I once knew you also, and a sudden fancy came to me to stay and see you too."

"To see if the wound you gave my heart had healed?" broke in the man bitterly. "All these years I've suffered—as only a man can suffer who scorns explanations to those whom he feels should be above suspicion. I swore not to ask what you meant by that letter"—

"Tom Brenner can tell you," threw in the girl icily. "For myself, I do not care to discuss the matter."

"Brenner?" The man drew up his hand before his eye, palm outward, as one who has unexpectedly been shot. When he dropped it he spoke unsteadily.

"So it's all been a mistake, sweetheart. Brenner lied to himself. I—I thought he was my friend." As his voice broke he caught the old, tender love in the girl's eyes.

"But, dear," he cried, "of course it was all a lie, and it isn't too late"—

"How do you dare?" cried she, rising in her anger as he made an impulsive forward movement. "You—it is too late—altogether too late. I am going to marry Stanley Hughes, and you—you must be loyal to your wife."

"My—Clare, are you mad?"

"Good!" cried Mrs. Ormsby, tripping blithely down the path. "You and Chester haven't waited for the conventional introduction. That's right, and I know you're going to be good friends. Clare, my husband's cousin, Chester Ormsby." And to her husband's cousin: "Miss Clare Clayton, a school friend of mine. Too bad my Chester hasn't come yet—train must be late. Chester's a family name with the Ormsbys, you know. It"—

Not much wonder she broke off suddenly in her sentence. Her husband's cousin had beseechingly opened his arms, and with a little inarticulate, happy cry Clare had flung herself into them.

The light had broken in.

Floating Homesteads.

On all the great lakes of China are found floating islands, which are enormous rafts of bamboo, overlaid with earth and upholding above the surface of the water pretty houses and gardens. They are, in fact, aquatic farms, bearing crops of rice and vegetables. The rich bottom mud, utilized as an artificial soil, is extremely fertile and yields bountiful harvests, though on a small scale. In a country where there is such a lack of available land owing to the overplus of population these floating plantations are most serviceable, large sails being attached to the dwelling house as well as to each corner of the island whenever it is desired to move about. After gathering a crop of grain or garden truck from the surface of the lake the floating farmer casts his nets into the waters and from their depths brings up a supply of fish for his family.

Pets the Sailors' Joy.

Animal pets have ever been a great joy to the average sailor. There is hardly a ship afloat that does not carry one or more such little favorites to whom the crew are universally kind. More than this, there is frequently developed an attachment between men and animals that is seldom to be seen on shore, and the intelligence displayed by those animals often far exceeds the wonderful stories we sometimes see in print. On men-of-war there is probably more consideration shown the crew in this regard than on merchantmen, at all events you will find there many more ship's pets. It is by no means uncommon to see upon the same deck a dozen or more well trained animals of various kinds whose natural homes are separated by thousands of miles.—St. Nicholas.

Turning the Tables.

Pliny tells us that the phrase "turning the tables" arose from the extravagance of the Romans. In the time of Augustus men of wealth spent fabulous sums of money on tables of costly material, such as ivory, gold, silver, marble and highly prized woods, especially the citrus wood of Mount Atlas. These last were called tigrino, or pantherine, from the spotted appearance of the grain, as our birdseye maple takes its name. Cicero, a man of moderate means, gave nearly $9,000 for one. Hence when the gentlemen charged the ladies with extravagance in jewels, especially pearls, the ladies retorted on their lords by pointing to the vast sums spent on tables and thus literally "turned the tables" upon them.

"HERBES O' VERTUE."

Rosemary and Rue Held High Estate Among the Ancients.

Of high rank among the ancient and mediaeval "herbes o' vertue" was rue. This plant, "the herb of grace," probably gained its reputation for breaking the spells of witchcraft, because it was so often employed for sprinkling holy water. Spenser includes this herb in the ingredients of a charm by which the aged nurse endeavored to change the current of Britomart's thoughts when she fell in love with the image of Sir Artegal in a magic mirror. Another favorite amulet was vervain, the holy herb, which was much used in ancient religious rites and subsequently for decorating the altars of churches. Roman heralds always crowned their heads with vervain when they either declared war or made a truce.

Rosemary was valued for its powers of strengthening a weak memory; hence it became the symbol of remembrance. Rosemary was also used as a love charm, the reason being "both Venus, the love goddess, and rosemary, or sea dew, were offspring of the sea, and therefore as love was beauty's son rosemary was love's nearest relative." Anne of Cleves wore sprays of rosemary at her marriage with Henry VIII., as this flower was then used by brides instead of orange blossoms, and wedding guests wore it instead of white favors. Rosemary was also closely associated with funerals, the mourners each carrying a spray to drop into the grave at the conclusion of the service.

Powdered rosemary applied to the face was supposed to have magical effects for restoring faded beauty, and a bath of rosemary taken three times a day was said to restore youth and vigor. In the language of flowers rosemary signifies fidelity in love. Shakespeare referred to this when he made the old nurse ask, "Do not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?"—that is, with the same letter.—Chicago News.

LITTLE JACK HORNER.

Only an Up to Date "Grafter" in the Days of King Hal.

The origin of the poetical jingles known as nursery ballads is in some few cases well known. Thus "the fine lady with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes" refers to the pilgrimage of the queen consort of one of the English kings passing through Banbury, where a cross was set up to mark her night's resting place, and ending at Charing Cross.

The ballad of "Little Jack Horner" is based on the following facts: In the time of Henry VIII., immediately after his breach with the pope, commissioners were sent throughout the country to seize the church lands.

One of the commissioners sent into the west of England, that portion referred to in Kingsley's "Westward Ho," was John Horner. About ten miles from Bath and five from Frome, both in the county of Somerset, lies the Horner estate, which has remained in the possession of the Horner family ever since the above John Horner, when despoiling the church of its lands for the benefit of King Hal, managed to grab a considerable slice for himself and thus originated among the surrounding country folk the ballad referring to Little Jack Horner.

He put in his thumb,
And he pulled out a plum,

the plum being the Horner estate. The matter was referred to some years back in one of the leading Bristol papers.—H. Smith in New York Times.

Throwing the Handkerchief.

Statement copied from an old manuscript: "In the Foundling Hospital the Boys are bound apprentices, the Women when marriageable are conducted in procession thro' ye streets, and any Young Man who see one He wd wish for a Wife is at liberty to mark Her by throwing his handkerchief." The further formalities required previous to matrimony are not stated. Perhaps this peculiar custom is the origin of the expression "throwing the handkerchief."—Nineteenth Century.

Well Answered.

"Do you see much difference between Americans and Englishmen?" a handsome, spoiled English guardsman is said to have asked a sparkling American girl newly arrived in London society.

"Oh, yes," was her quick reply. "Over there the men admire us; here we are expected to admire you."

They say the astonished soldier almost fell off his chair at the unexpectedness of it.

Himself a Victim.

A Harvard sophomore was reciting a memorized oration in one of the classes in public speaking. After the first two sentences his memory failed, and a look of blank despair came over his face. He began as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, Washington is dead, Lincoln is dead"—Then, forgetting, he hesitated a moment and continued, "and—I—I am beginning to feel sick myself."—Boston Herald.

He Induces It.

Gerald—The faddists claim that yawning is a most healthful and beautifying exercise. Gladys—Well, if that opinion gains ground Cholly Sapphead will become much more popular with the girls.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Wanted the Money.

"Your money or your life!" growled the footpad.

"Take me life," responded the Irishman. "I'm savin' me money for me old age."—Cleveland Leader.

Manufacturing sorrow is one of the worst of sins.

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BLOTTED OUT

By CAROL MURRAY

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They were a rough lot of men under the shadow of Diamond hill—miners, teamsters, prospectors, traders and cattlemen—but when old John Dyer, one of the mine bosses, brought his daughter Kate from civilization to live with him there and keep his humble cabin he had faith in that chivalry that has always made the western man respect the other sex. He knew that she would have many admirers and that there would be quarrels on her account, but he was a widower and she motherless, and he hoped he was doing what was best.

The cabin, like the ride and straggling village, was backed by the grim mountain, while along its front as far as human eye could reach there glittered the white sands of the Mojave desert. Here and there out on that dreary waste were patches of ugly cacti, and brultlon told the girl as her eyes searched the desert for the first time that out there under the blazing sun the rattlesnake basked and the lizard glided swiftly over the bones of men and animals.

The desert was not always at peace. Its surface resembling a placid lake. Now and then a wind, born up in the gulches of the mountain, came down and went sweeping across the sands, and then the spectator saw great clouds of dust as the dusty particles were caught up and driven here and there to cut and gash and wound whatever lived. The sands never swept in from the desert, but always were driven the other way. Had it not been so Diamond mine and the town around it could not have been.

The coming of the girl among the thousand men was an event. There were a few old women there—cooks and laundresses—but here was a girl, a handsome young girl. Her influence was felt almost immediately. The mine manager said that more soap, combs, handkerchiefs and looking glasses were called for from the company store in a week than were bought during the preceding three months.

At least 800 of the thousand men determined on an introduction at once, but when it came to the point, and even after three months had passed, there were not a dozen callers at the cabin. A month or two later it was said that only two of the dozen stood a chance. By "chance" they meant marriage. It never occurred to any of them that a girl might have come among them without falling in love and marrying one of their number.

It was strange that among Kate's earliest and most persistent admirers was Pedro Diaz, a full blooded Mexican. He had charge of the company's transportation, and he managed through the father to force an introduction. He was kindly received by the girl, but no more. He was tolerated by the father, but there was no welcome for him. Pedro was a swaggerer. He was an egotist. He thought he was in love, and once having made up his mind to this he was ready to maintain what he called his right by fair means or foul.

The thousand men said that Pedro's rival was Tommy Britt, the keeper of the company's store. He was an American, young, fair looking, and down on the books to be promoted for his energy, ambition and integrity. Perhaps he admired as all others did, but he had never asked himself if he was in love. He found both father and daughter congenial company, and that would have been his excuse had any one asked him why he paid two visits a week to the cabin.

There came a day when Pedro Diaz made up his mind to know his fate. He chose an hour when he knew the girl would be alone, and he dressed in his best and knocked on the cabin door. He believed himself irresistible, and he smiled and smirked and offered his love. There was a moment of astonishment, and he found himself rejected. The girl tempered her refusal as much as possible. It was her first offer, but womanly instinct told her to soften the blow even though the man was obnoxious to her.

"What! You refuse Pedro Diaz!" exclaimed the man in reply. "You refuse me—me, who am worth $5,000 and could marry any senorita in my own country! Do you quite understand me?"

"I have no love for you," replied the girl.

"But that makes no difference. You shall love me later on. I am Pedro Diaz. It is the first time I ever did a woman the honor of asking her to marry me."

The girl's reply was a firm one, and Pedro flung himself out of the cabin with anger raging in his heart. He had been snubbed, humiliated, made a fool of. There was a man in the case, of course, and it could be none other than the storekeeper. Whoever opposed Pedro Diaz in any of his cherished schemes must die. He was not five minutes deciding on the death of Britt.

That morning the young man had ridden away across the desert, a stretch of twenty long, hot miles, to strike the railroad on the other side and order further supplies by telegraph. The ride was twenty miles over and twenty miles back. He would cover the distance in a day, but it would be late in the evening when he returned.

"I will meet and kill him as he returns," decided Pedro, and when darkness fell he eluded observation as much as possible and rode out on the desert.

There was no trail across the sands. He who would hold a straight course must depend upon the compass, and he must consult it often. There was fair starlight—light enough to see his rival many rods away. The sky was clear of those scudding clouds which might be taken as warnings that the whirlwinds were being born in the cold air of the gulches, and no noise came from the mountain, except the whispers of the pines to the cedars.

When Pedro had made five miles straight out from the base he pulled in his horse and sat and waited, his face to the west and his ears alert for the slightest sound. For an hour he waited, and then of a sudden a cold chill struck the back of his neck. He whirled his horse about with an oath on his lips.

"It is the sand storm!" he muttered as he jumped to the ground.

He had a blanket for himself and one for his horse. The animal lay down at the word and suffered his head to be wrapped, and just as the first sharp grains began to fly the man snuggled down beside the animal and muffled his head and swore.

He had seen a hundred sand storms on that desert. They came with a puff and went the same way. In five minutes he would be up and watching again, but when five minutes had passed the gusts were stronger. At the end of ten they began circling and running across the sands like wraiths. They also dug deep into the sands, and when they met with an obstruction they covered it in. Man and horse were soon in danger of suffocation and had to struggle up to throw off the weight. They were just in time to be caught by a circling breeze and spun around as if they were straws, and when the man was flung on his face at last and covered a foot deep in an instant the horse uttered a neigh of terror and galloped heavily away.

"It will pass, it will pass, and I will have my revenge!" muttered Pedro as he stood up with his back to the blast, but it did not pass.

He was flung this way and that, carried along or left half senseless on the sands, and not for a full hour did the wind scream out its goodby to the desert and return to its sleep. Then the surface of the desert was smooth again, and the man who came riding from the west could not tell that under his horse's feet lay a human body buried two feet deep. There had been a Pedro Diaz. The sands of the Mojave had blotted him out.

THE IDEAL HOME.

Man's Ideas Constantly Change as He Grows Older.

As the male member of the human species advances in years his ideas as to what constitutes an ideal dwelling change so absolutely that there is between the different places he would select almost no similarity.

At three years old his ideal is a tent formed from a table cover, a blanket, a spread, a piece of carpet, or any other material that can be so arranged that it will form a little place, into which to crawl.

At six the best possible dwelling is a hut built of barrel staves, boards, and planks, and unknown to persecuting adults, and especially to policemen.

A boy of ten would select a spacious cave, with a marvelous secret entrance, preferably with the entrance under water at flood tide, with the floors covered with heavy costly carpets, the walls decorated with deadly weapons, inlaid with gold, silver and precious [illegible] with enough food stowed away to enable the inhabitants of the place to live for a year if necessary.

At twenty the heart's desire is a room in a large hotel where the cost would be at least $3 a day and where there would be a dinner at 7 o'clock, with lots of pretty and rich women present, a big smoking room and plenty of stationery with a heavy gold monogram or crest stamped on it.

At twenty-five the best possible home is a neat, comfortable modern flat in a nice respectable neighborhood, not too far from the cars, theaters and shopping district, and with asphalted streets so there will not be too much noise.

At thirty-five the only proper dwelling is a town house, preferably situated near houses of men whose wealth is reckoned in the tens of millions of dollars and who really have considerable money, said house to have a mammoth ballroom, music room and art gallery, and in addition to this house another country house, within easy distance of the city, and still again, in addition to these two houses, a modest but quaintly elegant cottage at some popular seashore resort.

At fifty a man's tastes have toned down, and he longs for a little cottage in the country, where all is quiet, where birds sing and there are chickens in the yard, a cow in the stable, a goodly plot of ground that continually yields an unfailing supply of fresh vegetables and, where all is modesty, sweet content and freedom from the usual annoyances that make life a burden.

At sixty the cottage has grown smaller, and the man would be content with less ground, fewer chickens and vegetables, and could get along quite nicely without the cow.

At seventy any place will do so long as it is not disturbed and has room enough in a cupboard that he will not be.—Exchange.

BITS FROM THE WRITERS.

[illegible] in life would mak[illegible] except one's income.

[illegible] is universal civility.

[illegible] to everybody argues a [illegible] of telling lies.—Eden Phillpotts.

[illegible] life is the art of not [illegible] kind of forgetting [illegible] been secret.—James [illegible]

[illegible] whether they lie in the [illegible] or on the surface [illegible] the pearls of experience [illegible] with.

[illegible] observed that if you [illegible] neglect to do your work [illegible] to get done without [illegible]

[illegible] ordinary said, are disagreeable [illegible] inflicted upon [illegible] fellows. But it is no use [illegible] to bother about what they [illegible] it pleases them.—Richard Jefferies.

Encouragement.

Mr. Dashleigh—Miss Dora, I couldn't begin to—to tell you how much I—I—Dora Hope—You certainly have been a long time beginning, my poor boy. Go ahead.—Chicago Tribune.

Occupied.

First Cook—An' what was yez talkin' about? Second Cook—Oh, we was discussin' the mistress problem.—Puck.

A fool is generally a person who detects your faults while you are in the act of calling attention to his own.

"Ike" Simons

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CLEARANCE SALE

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MEN'S SUITS cut in price almost half.

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Executors' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary in the estate of Wilson McCoy, late of Colegrove, Keating Twp., McKean Co., Pa., deceased, have been issued to Michael Herzog and Henry Rueger, of Keating township, to whom all persons indebted to said estate will make payment and all persons having claims against said estate will present the same without delay.

MICHAEL HERZOG,
HENRY RUEGER,
Executors.

Smethport, Pa., R. F. D. No. 2, June 20, 1905.

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A. T. PALMER.

Smethport May 25, 1905.

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